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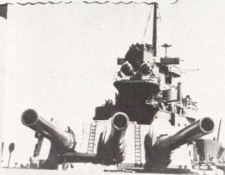


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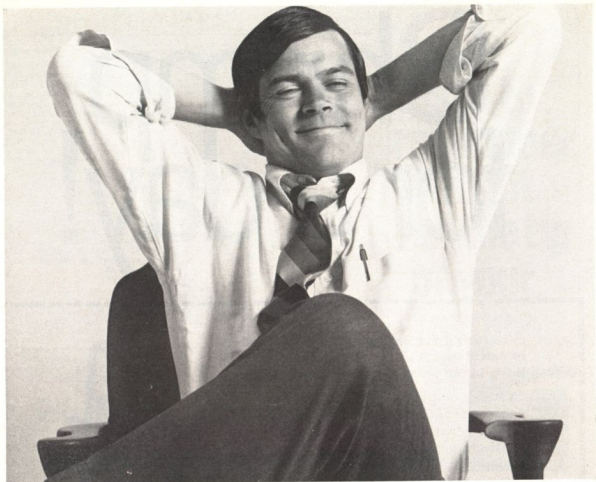
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LETTERS

Publication and Preservation

Sir: The New York Times [June 28] is to be commended for the publication of excerpts from the secret Pentagon report on U.S. involvement in Viet Nam. At the same time, the U.S. Government's case to restrain further publication of these official secrets is justified. But on balance, if we look beyond the letter of the law, the action of the New York Times has made a genuine contribution to the preservation of free institutions.

HECTOR A. MENDEZ
New York City

Sir: Has the Times become so sacrosanct that it is considered above the Government and the welfare of the country? If its actions are now condoned, that will automatically give license to anyone who chooses to rifle Government security material according to his own judgment.

H.L. GRAY
Washington

Sir: To those who brand the embroiled newspapers as "irresponsible," may we raise a question: To whom is the Government responsible, if not to the very people whose learning it is so avidly discouraging? How are they to grow in "civil wisdom" that may be implemented at the polls if arbitrary power blunts their ability to know?

BARBARA E. SCHAEFER
Westfield, N.J.

Sir: After reading the recent disclosures on the Viet Nam War in the New York Times, I say we should turn the L.B.J. Library into a mausoleum for our Viet Nam War dead.

JOHN M. PARA
Binghamton, N.Y.

Freeze-Dried Souls

Sir: Your article on the Jesus people [June 21] was good news. But I read the words of the doubting people with impatience. They want to see mature faith instantly, as if souls were like so much freeze-dried coffee just waiting for the hot water and the swish of the spoon. I hate to see these hard hearts jumping in to squelch a new batch of turned-on people. Faith is an ugly thing to nonbelievers. It hurts to hope for something as big as universal love. It's a pain worth having.

NANCY ANDERSON
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Sir: To answer the critics who say that the Jesus movement causes narrow-minded thinking, I can happily say that we are single-minded, not narrow-minded. Having the ultimate solution gives us that privilege.

WILLIAM D. KOONS
Houston

Sir: Drugs, drugs, drugs! The Jesus Freaks have switched from pot and LSD to the opiate of the masses.

R.K. O'CAIN
Columbia, S.C.

Sir: Don't knock it 'til you've tried it. LEROY G. BULLER, "Jesus Freak"
Topeka, Kans.

Sir: As a black revolutionary woman evangelist and a representative of our black youth, all I have to say about the

Jesus Freaks is keep them in the white community. As black people we have suffered enough "pollution of the mind" from white people. They gave us Jesus a long time ago, took everything else that was tangible and left us with the Spirit.

(Rev. Sister) IMAGE WILLIAMS
Prime Minister
Church of What's Happening Now
Washington

Sir: It is berserk to think of Jesus as a revolutionary. He was a counter-revolutionary enemy of the people.

Every ruling class wants its subjects to model themselves after Jesus, the cheerful maker of his own execution. The Indians were given reservations and Bibles. Early labor leaders competed with evangelists, and now they are trying to water down the youth revolution.

FRED MORSE
Ministry of Defense
Young Atheist League
Seattle

Berets and Bedpans

Sir: I am appalled by your article on the Green Berets as paramedics [June 21]. I think this is next to the final humiliation of this group. What next? Bedpans?

Your three-star man had a "notion." Has he never heard of the U.S. Public Health Service?

MARK P. BEAM, M.D.
Newport Beach, Calif.

Sir: Is it not ironic that while the Green Berets get applause for attending to the health of the poor in long-neglected parts

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IT'S BUILT BETTER THAN ANY CAMERA SHOULD HAVE TO BE

BECAUSE IT HAS TO BE

A Nikon F fell 500 feet from a plane into a snowbank in Greece. The owner found it six months later, "in almost perfect condition."

Another photographer had to transport two Nikon F cameras across Pakistan in a bucket of water. After drying them out and working the advance levers "for a couple of hours," he was able to use them on his next assignment 15,000 feet high in the Himalayas.

Frankly, the Nikon F was never designed for such heroics. Nikon simply set out to build a 35mm reflex that would perform flawlessly under any foreseeable strains arising in a professional's day-to-day routine. And, just to be sure it would, they made it even more rugged and more precise than anyone thought necessary.

The Nikon shutter, for example is made of the space-age metal titanium. It's so tough it can take not only extremes of heat and cold, but also the slam-bang action of a motor drive operating the camera at rates up to four shots a second. Of course, the automatic-return mirror and film transport, too, are built to withstand these ordeals.

The lens mount is a specially designed bayonet type. Its alignment remains 100% accurate through thousands of lens changes. It's one of the reasons for the consistently superb picture quality produced with those famous Nikkor lenses. This precise fit is also a vital link with the Photomic FTN meter/finder system for thru-the-lens exposure control. It enables you to set your exposure with any Auto-Nikkor lens at wide open aperture so that the viewfinder image is always at maximum brightness.

Odds are you'll never extend your Nikon to the limits of its capabilities. But, isn't it reassuring to know that your camera has proved its mettle so consistently?

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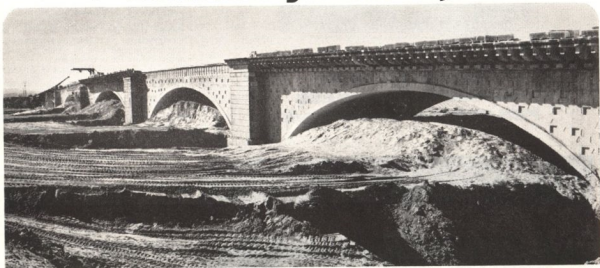
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of South Carolina, thousands of youths who would be glad to do this kind of work are given a choice only between Viet Nam and jail?

PETER UNGAR
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sir: So the Department of Defense is reluctant about giving its blessing because the American Medical Association may cry "socialized medicine."

The irony of it all? Socialized medicine it may be, but can the A.M.A. find enough humanitarians in its own ranks to balance the ratio of doctor to patient in deprived rural areas? Why not let our gallant men of war do something constructive? It almost makes me want to join a parade and carry the flag.

(MRS.) LYNDA K. BROOKS
Virginia Beach, Va.

Apples for the Future

Sir: No article could capture the magic of Leo Burnett and his "Chicago School of Advertising" [June 21]; but in the First City appreciate your efforts.

Those "big bowls of red apples" were more than "a small folksy offering to all visitors"; they served as a continuous reminder that when Burnett borrowed and mortgaged to start his own agency, he was admonished that he would be selling apples before the year was over.

WILLIAM O. SHANK
Chicago

Novel Theory

Sir: "Poverty is an odious good; it is a stimulant to business," said the Wife of Bath in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. So much for the "novel theory" that "Poverty May Be Good for You" [June 21].

HAROLD DEPUY
Rochester

Traveling Halves

Sir: Bernard Bothmer's brilliant piecing together of the "Split King" [June 21] still leaves a fundamental question unanswered: How did his two halves get to different destinations?

CHARLES F. BOYER
Boston

► During the 2,000 years that the Temple of Karnak was in use, many statues were discarded to make room for new ones and were broken and separated in the process. Collectors buy the heads because they are more interesting, and consequently the heads travel farther and wider.

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There are other obvious differences between Vega and other little cars, too. Like our wheels and tires (2). They're a little wider than the wheels and tires on most little cars. A little thing? We think anything we can do to make Vega ride and handle better is a big thing indeed.

Another not-so-little thing. The back seat (3). You may never have to use the back seat yourself. But somebody will. And when they do, they'll discover that Vega's back seat is a foam-cushioned seat, complete with frame. Now we realize that may not sound like any big deal, but when you're out com-

paring little cars, try out the back seats.

The difference is astounding.

Now you don't.

Some of the differences between Vega and most other little cars just can't be seen with the naked eye.

But they're real all the same.

Like protective side-guard door beams (4), for instance. No other little car has them. Vega does.

And front disc brakes (5). Some little cars we know don't have them. But Vega does—nice big 10-inchers. Because we want you to have good stopping power.

And Vega also has a power ventilation system (6). And an acoustically engineered double-panel roof (7). And an electric fuel pump (8). And coil springs at each wheel (9).

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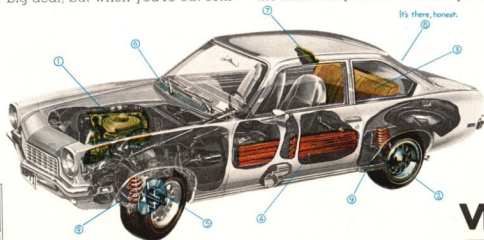
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We built Vega on the premise that a little car should be just as much car as any big car, only smaller.

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

A Vote for Youth

One of the shrillest cries of the disaffected young has revolved around a lack of legal avenues to change the System. No more. Last Wednesday in an extraordinary evening session, the Ohio house of representatives, by a vote of 81 to 9, made Ohio the 38th state to approve the 26th Amendment to the Constitution. That was sufficient for ratification, which means that 18- to 20-year-olds will be able to vote in all elections, local and state as well as federal.

The states moved with astonishing alacrity, taking only three months and seven days from the time the amendment was first sent out for ratification. Said President Nixon: "Some 11 million young men and women who have participated in the life of our nation through their work, their studies and their sacrifices for its defense are now fully included in the electoral process of our country. I urge them to honor this right by exercising it."

Just how widely—and wisely—they will exercise their vote is a subject under close scrutiny by politicians and pollsters right now. Early registrations indicate that the Democrats should benefit by a 3-to-1 margin from the youth vote. Admits one G.O.P. leader: "Privately, most Republicans would just as soon not have seen this happen." But no one is going to benefit much until the critical question of whether students may register and vote from their campus addresses is resolved in state and federal courts.

COLBERT IN "ONE NIGHT"



Arenamanship for '72

The shopping list included a minimum of 20,000 rooms in first-class hotels, plus at least 1,250 caucus-and-boozie suites; a hall to seat 15,000, with shuttle buses from the hotels for 10,000.

Last week the Democrats found what they wanted, choosing Miami Beach for their 1972 political convention. The runner-up was Louisville, which did everything but hand over its distilleries to the Democrats to get the nod, but lacked the rooms Miami Beach could offer. That tipped the balance for the Democrats.

For their part, the G.O.P. will probably end up in a city that never even considered bidding: San Diego. President Nixon seems taken with the idea of holding his renomination convention only a half-hour's hop from the Western White House helipad. The city has managed to scrape together adequate facilities, but some of the townsfolk are less than enthusiastic. Democratic Mayor Frank Curran pointed out that the city might lay out more than it would get in return. "Some of those delegates bring their own lunches and booze," he scoffed. "Some even sleep in their cars."

Dirty Young Men

Women's Liberation and youth's emphasis on freedom have combined to produce a new phenomenon in the U.S.: female hitchhiking. It is a romantic notion dating back to Claudette Colbert's in *It Happened One Night*. In at least one part of the country, however, it has not proved a salubrious mix. There have been 73 reported assaults on women hitchhikers in the Washington, D.C., area so far this year. These are probably only a fraction of those that have occurred.

Nearly all the girl hitchhikers are white and under 20. Their attackers, however, are generally not the "dirty old men" of lore, but young men in their 20s out cruising for trusting girls who feel "safe" riding with someone their own age. Said one policeman: "These girls believe their mothers' stories about the 'dirty old men.' They think anyone over 30 is out to get them. So they hop into a car driven by a young guy with long hair and beads. These are the guys who, in most cases, are committing the assaults."

Publicity about the danger has so far not kept the girls off the curbs. A generation of young women seem bent on proving that they are formidable enough to take care of themselves.



KISSINGER



The War:

MANY U.S. goals in Viet Nam have been scaled down or simply abandoned, but President Nixon has frequently renewed two pledges. One is that Saigon will be given "a reasonable chance" of survival. The other, an emotional issue about which the President has made it clear there can be no compromise, is that the U.S. will fight on until it can recover the 460-odd Americans now held prisoner.

For months, the Communists demanded that the U.S. make concessions before they would even discuss the prisoners. "It always comes back to the same thing," Nixon said in a moment of exasperation. "If we end our involvement and set a date, they will agree to discuss prisoners—not to release them." Then, last week, the Communists suddenly offered the captives for ransom—and thus created a major dilemma for the Administration.

Seven-Part Plan. The new approach came from Madame Nguyen Thi Binh, the austere handsome ex-schoolteacher who represents the Communist Viet Cong at the long-deadlocked peace talks in Paris. By no coincidence, the plan was put on the table only a week after Le Duc Tho—Hanoi's chief envoy to the talks—returned to Paris following a 14-month absence. As the key point in a seven-part plan, Madame Binh declared that if the U.S. agreed to withdraw all its forces from Viet Nam by the end of this year, the Communists would agree to return all the prisoners at a proportionate rate. "These two operations, [the American withdrawal and the liberation of prisoners] will begin on the same date and will end on the same date," said Madame Binh.

It was not that simple, of course. In addition to U.S. withdrawal, the Communists reiterated some familiar and,



U.S. PRISONERS IN NORTH VIET NAM (1970)



MRS. BINH

Stirrings at the Peace Table

to the Administration, unacceptable demands: that the U.S. cut off all aid to Viet Nam and abandon the "puppet" government in Saigon in favor of a coalition that would include the Communists. In effect, the Communists were saying: If you really want your prisoners so badly, take them, and give us South Viet Nam in exchange.

Bad Eggs. The White House reacted warily. "They have put one seemingly good egg in the basket with all the bad ones," said an Administration spokesman. Presidential Press Secretary Ron Ziegler noted that the proposal contained "positive as well as clearly unacceptable elements," but he added that the U.S. would never "turn the 17 million people of Viet Nam over to the Communists."

The U.S. appeared to be caught in a trap. On the military front, it is already withdrawing its forces from Viet Nam. On the political front, the U.S. Senate has voted an amendment to the draft-extension bill that is remarkably similar to the Communist proposal: a withdrawal in nine months, conditional on an agreement within 90 days for the return of prisoners. (The measure has not been approved by the House, nor is it binding on the Administration.)

The Communist offer brought some prompt expressions of interest on Capitol Hill. "These proposals mark a different point of departure," said Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, sponsor of the end-the-war amendment. On the Republican side, Senator Hugh Scott agreed: "Now we can start negotiating seriously."

Hard Probing. To look into the possibility of such negotiations, Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger set out at week's end on a "fact-finding" trip that would take him to both Saigon and

Paris. The Administration insisted that Kissinger had planned the trip long before the Communists made their move, but such pronouncements no longer sound convincing, especially in the wake of the Pentagon papers. What is more, Hanoi's top negotiators in Paris let it be known that they are "ready" to meet Kissinger when he reaches Paris late this week. It seemed odd, too, that Defense Secretary Melvin Laird happened to be journeying across the Pacific on a tour of inspection.

There was indeed much hard probing to be done on the Communist offer. On what timetable exactly did the Communists plan to release the prisoners? And would the U.S. have to drop all its plans for helping Saigon with military aid? "If you interpret it literally," said one skeptical Washington official, "then you'd have to take away the weapons we've already given them."

Ransom. There was no doubt however, that the Communist plan was a skillful effort to capitalize on America's weariness with an unsuccessful war. The President might be inclined to dismiss the whole package as too one-sided, but because of that one good egg in the basket—the release of P.W.s—he knows, as a politician with a sense of the public mood, that he cannot afford to do so. Less than a month ago, Secretary of State William Rogers declared: "Obviously the U.S., although we have tremendous concern for the safety of the prisoners, can't lose sight of our national purposes, and we can't absolutely abandon our national objectives to pay ransom." But perhaps it is no longer so certain to the American public that any "national objective"—particularly maintenance of the present Saigon regime—is more important than getting the prisoners home.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY Round-the-World Stroking

Vice President Spiro Agnew packed up his clubs, bade farewell to Fellow Golfer Bob Hope in Palm Springs, and embarked upon an official good-will tour of Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Europe. In all, he will be out of the country for 32 days, longer than any Vice President since Richard Nixon.

The ten nations Agnew will visit during the trip abroad, his third since taking office, have, in the main, authoritarian governments. Most have no pressing problems with the U.S., or great influence in matters of international urgency. Only in South Korea, his first official stop, where Agnew last week represented President Nixon at the third inauguration of President Chung Hee Park, was there even notable ceremonial justification for his presence.

There are U.S.-Korean problems—withdrawal of U.S. troops and possible U.S. import quotas on Korean textiles, among others. But Agnew steered clear of any substantive discussions with President Park.

Otherwise, conceded one Agnew aide: "There is no rationale for the trip as a whole, but there is a separate rationale for each of the countries."

Agnew provided some stop-by-stop rationales of stunning inconsequentiality: **SPAIN.** "The Spanish stop comes about as a result of Prince Juan Carlos visiting the last space shot and conversations we had there."

ETHIOPIA. "Haile Selassie was in the U.S. recently. Again, this was his express wish that we visit there; we had an invitation on that one."

KENYA. "There's not any particular problem there, but I don't believe there have been any American visitors in Nairobi in some time."

KUWAIT. "I don't think Kuwait has had a high-level American visitor for some time; they had been asking for one."

SAUDI ARABIA. "Of course my visit there comes as a result of the recent visit of King Faisal to Washington. I happened to be sitting next to Faisal at a lun-



cheon at the White House, and he evidenced an interest in having me visit his country if I found it convenient."

The White House line is that Agnew is carrying a message of good will as well as an "explanation of the Nixon foreign policy." That should leave ample time for golf: enroute to South Korea, Agnew toured the course in Guam. He plans a "logistics" stay in Singapore, whose Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew is an ardent golfer.

What then, is the Vice President—or the President—up to? One speculation is that the trip is a graceful easing out of Agnew, that Nixon may be giving his Vice President a farewell taste of the trappings of glory before bouncing him from the 1972 ticket. Some support can be found for the theory. Secretary of the Treasury John B. Connally Jr. was last week tapped to announce the Administration's latest economic stance, a clear sign of Presidential favor.

More likely, however, the trip is intended to upgrade the Agnew image. After his abrasive appearances on the U.S. banquet circuit, distance may lend Agnew the aura of an American statesman. Then, too, there is not much for Agnew to do at home just now. Summer months are slim ones on the political fund-raising circuit.

Costly, Innocuous. One thing Nixon could have done for his No. 2 was to assign him a more distinguished crew of traveling companions. For the Korean inaugural, the highest ranking members of his entourage were the junior U.S. Senator from New York, James Buckley, defeated former Arkansas Governor Winthrop Rockefeller—or, as the Koreans had it, the "honorable Rocker Feller"—and former Presidential Counselor Bryce Harlow, now an executive with Procter & Gamble, who is one of Agnew's favorite tennis partners.



SUPREME COURT DECISION APPLAUDED IN NEW YORK TIMES COMPOSING ROOM

The Press Wins and Presses Roll

Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press.

First Amendment, U.S. Constitution

AFTER all of the frantic legal maneuvering, the hasty argumentation, the acceleration of suspense in the certainty that a historic ruling was imminent, the U.S. Supreme Court revealed its Pentagon papers decision in a decorous session that lasted only four minutes. The decision consisted of just three dry paragraphs, and was summed up in two words: "We agree." By a margin of 6 to 3, the Justices thus confirmed the judgment of several lower courts. The U.S. Government had failed to prove that it had the right to prevent the New York Times and Washington Post from publishing the secret history of the Viet Nam War because

the nation's security was at stake. Strengthening the freedom embraced in the First Amendment, the court ruled that the presses could roll.

With the lid off, newspapers that the Government had temporarily stifled quickly resumed their revelations. Other publications—and even a Senator—added to the unprecedented avalanche of classified documents and analysis (see following story). Yet the court's public brevity and restraint only masked intense personal differences among the Justices over the grave issues. These divisions emerged in the rare determination of all nine Justices to write their own, sometimes emotional, opinions.

Criminal Charges. In general, a dominant theme of the opinions was that the Government was asking the courts to do something Congress had historically refused to do: give the Govern-

Three Points of View from the Court

The three streams of argument that emerged from the Supreme Court Justices' separate opinions are best illustrated by the pro-press views of Hugo Black, the tightly reasoned moderate position of Potter Stewart, and the pro-Government dissenting opinion of Chief Justice Warren Burger. Excerpts:

BLACK

Every moment's continuance of the injunctions against these newspapers amounts to a flagrant, indefensible and continuing violation of the First Amendment. It is unfortunate that some of my brethren are apparently willing to hold that the publication of news may sometimes be enjoined. Such a holding would make a shambles of the First Amendment. Both the history and language of the amendment support the view that the press must be left free to publish news, whatever the source, with-

out censorship, injunctions or prior restraints.

In the First Amendment the founding fathers gave the free press the protection it must have to fulfill its essential role in our democracy. The press was to serve the governed, not the governors. The Government's power to censor the press was abolished so that the press would remain forever free to censure the Government. The press was protected so that it could bare the secrets of Government and inform the people.

Only a free and unrestrained press can effectively expose deception in Government. And paramount among the responsibilities of a free press is the duty to prevent any part of the Government from deceiving the people and sending them off to distant lands to die of foreign fevers and foreign shot and shell. Far from deserving condemnation for their courageous reporting, the New

York Times, the Washington Post and other newspapers should be commended for serving the purpose that the founding fathers saw so clearly.

STEWART

In the absence of the governmental checks and balances present in other areas of our national life, the only effective restraint upon executive policy and power in the areas of national defense and international affairs may lie in an enlightened citizenry. Without an informed and free press there cannot be an enlightened people.

Yet it is elementary that the successful conduct of international diplomacy and the maintenance of an effective national defense require both confidentiality and secrecy. Other nations can hardly deal with this nation in an atmosphere of mutual trust unless they can be assured that their confidences will be kept. And within our own executive departments, the development of considered and intelligent in-

ment the advance power to prevent newspapers from publishing information it wants kept secret. The minority protested the haste with which the courts had been required to act and wanted to return the case for more deliberate trials in lower courts. This would give the Government a better chance to prove, as it claims, that some of the disclosures would do "great and irreparable harm" to national security. Justices from both the majority and minority factions reminded the Government that Congress had enacted laws against disclosure of secret documents that might be applied after publication. They implied that if the Government's assessment of the dangers in the Pentagon papers were sound, it should have—and still can—file criminal charges against the offending newspaper reporters and editors.

Frenzied Haste. The opinions within that framework varied widely (see box). Three of the Justices—Hugo L. Black, William O. Douglas and Thurgood Marshall—contended that there can be no exceptions to the First Amendment's press freedom; no matter what the potential impact on the nation, prior restraints on news cannot be imposed by Government. Another trio composed of Justices Potter Stewart, William J. Brennan Jr. and Byron R. White took a middle position, contending that the First Amendment is not absolute and a potential danger to national security may be so grave as to justify censorship. However, they agreed that this had not been demonstrated in the *Times* and *Post* cases.

The three dissenting jurists were John M. Harlan and the Nixon-appointed "Minnesota Twins": Chief Justice Warren E. Burger and Harry A. Blackmun. They argued in effect that Government not only had the right to try to stop publication of clearly damaging information but that Government was in the best po-

sition to determine what actually would prove harmful. Blackmun argued that since the Pentagon study dealt with events at least three years old and the *Times* had labored three months before beginning its series, there was no need for the courts to act so swiftly. What Harlan called the "frenzied train of events" and Burger termed "frenzied haste" had hindered the Government in making its factual case, they said. In a stern lecture, Blackmun urged the newspapers to "be fully aware of their ultimate responsibility to the United States of America." In an odd sentence that hinted unpleasantly of scapegoat hunting, Blackmun also charged that if the revelations should prolong the war and delay the release of U.S. prisoners of war, "then the nation's people will know where the responsibility for these sad consequences rests."

Joyous Day. With so many conflicting opinions, the impact of the court's decision was diffused. Certainly the Justice Department was slapped down in its efforts to ask the courts to enjoin the newspapers, and will not likely take that route again. The Administration also lost its claim that no other branch of Government has the right to review its decisions on what information can be classified for security purposes. But it was given broad hints that it could try to put those who publish damaging secrets in jail—and Attorney General John Mitchell promptly announced that the Justice Department "will prosecute all those who have violated federal criminal laws." That possibility did not seem to worry many journalists last week. "This is a joyous day for the press—and for American society," happily declared *Times* Managing Editor A.M. Rosenthal. Indeed, in few other societies could the Government's determination to protect the secrecy of



ELLSBERG & WIFE BEFORE ARRAIGNMENT
Prepared to accept the consequences.

its internal deliberations be so openly—and successfully—challenged.

Certainly in more imminent danger of imprisonment was Daniel Ellsberg, who surrendered to U.S. Attorneys in Boston, as he had promised, and who readily admitted that he had given the Pentagon papers "to the people through the American press—and I am prepared for all the consequences." He could be sentenced to up to ten years, but Ellsberg told newsmen that he considered this "a very cheap price to pay" if it would help "end the war."

Ellsberg was indicted last week by a grand jury in Los Angeles for unauthorized possession of the documents and for "unlawfully converting them to his own use." It was unclear whether the Government would have to prove that the papers involved secrets vital to national security. But Ellsberg's lawyers were prepared to argue that the papers were historical and political, thus did

international policies would be impossible if those charged with their formulation could not communicate with each other freely, frankly and in confidence.

I think there can be but one answer to this dilemma. The Executive must have the largely unshared duty to determine and preserve the degree of internal security necessary to exercise that power successfully. It is an awesome responsibility requiring judgment and wisdom of a high order. A very first principle of that wisdom would be an insistence upon avoiding secrecy for its own sake. For when everything is classified, then nothing is classified, and the system becomes one to be disregarded by the cynical or the careless and to be manipulated by those intent on self-protection or self-promotion.

But in the cases before us we are asked to perform a function that the Constitution gave to the Executive, not the Judiciary. We are asked to prevent the publication by two newspapers of material that the Executive Branch in-

sists should not, in the national interest, be published. I am convinced that the Executive is correct with respect to some of the documents involved. But I cannot say that disclosure of any of them will surely result in direct, immediate and irreparable damage to our nation or its people.

BURGER

Only those who view the First Amendment as an absolute in all circumstances—a view I respect, but reject—can find such a case as this to be simple or easy. No member of this court knows all of the facts. These cases have been conducted in unseemly haste. A great issue of this kind should be tried in a judicial atmosphere conducive to thoughtful, reflective deliberation, especially when haste is unwarranted in light of the long period the *Times*, by its own choice, deferred publication. The alleged right to know has somehow and suddenly become a right that must be vindicated instantly.

Would it have been unreasonable, since the newspaper could anticipate the Government's objections to release of secret material, to give the Government an opportunity to review the entire collection and determine whether agreement could be reached on publication? Stolen or not, if security was not in fact jeopardized, much of the material could no doubt have been declassified. With such an approach the newspapers and Government might well have narrowed the area of disagreement, leaving the remainder to be resolved by orderly litigation.

To me it is hardly believable that a newspaper long regarded as a great institution in American life would fail to perform one of the basic and simple duties of every citizen with respect to the discovery or possession of stolen property or secret Government documents. That duty, I had thought—perhaps naively—was to report forthwith to public officers. This duty rests on taxi drivers, Justices and the New York *Times*.

not merit classification; that he had hoped to enhance, not injure the public interest by disclosing them.

After successfully evading FBI agents, Ellsberg walked into a U.S. courthouse with his wife Patricia at his side. She cheerfully told reporters: "I'm proud of what my husband did." He was represented by Attorney Leonard Boudin, who is one of the lawyers defending Father Philip Berrigan and others against charges of conspiring to kidnap Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger. Boudin argued against a \$100,000 bail that the Government had asked U.S. Magistrate Peter Princi to set. Debating the seriousness of Ellsberg's offense, another Ellsberg attorney contended that "we are not dealing with matters of troop movements or codes—this is history which is at least three years old." But Princi, inadvertently making Ellsberg's precise point, replied: "These secrets belong to the people of the United States, not to one man." Ellsberg smiled in agreement. Princi finally released Ellsberg on \$50,000 personal bond, under which he did not have to put up any cash. He will face another Boston hearing on July 15 to determine whether he can be ordered to appear in Los Angeles, where he presumably will be tried.

Lavender Hill Mob. Temporarily free again, Ellsberg settled into celebrity status. He used the services of David Hawk, an experienced press aide who was a coordinator of the 1969 Viet Nam Moratorium, to conduct an elaborate press conference. Flanked by a U.S. flag and facing 21 microphones, Ellsberg refused to divulge how he had distributed the secret papers. He conceded only that he had "satisfied certain personal tastes" in deciding which newspapers to favor. He said he had withheld some documents that might hamper international negotiations by revealing private channels the governments might still be using. He declined to evaluate the papers, urging that people read them and "form their own opinion of how well they had been served" by their officials.

Earlier, away from the pack of reporters that greeted him upon his arraignment, Ellsberg softly kissed his wife in a taxi as they rode toward their second-floor apartment in a Cambridge house. They opened windows to air out the rooms they had deserted shortly before the *Times* first started its series. "I was surprised the New York *Times* printed them," Ellsberg gushed. "I wasn't sure they would have the guts. I gather people think we were hidden by a very professional underground, something like the Berrigans used. Well, I can tell you, we had nothing but a third-rate Lavender Hill mob. I'll tell you one of the things that really bothers me is this image that everyone has that I'm a tortured man, plagued by his conscience. You know, 'It's O.K., everyone, this guy's not like us.' That's such a simple picture. God, how I'd like to get beyond that."



JANUARY 1962: KENNEDY, JOHNSON & McNAMARA DISCUSSING WAR WITH MILITARY CHIEFS

Round 3: More Pentagon Disclosures

"The dilemma of the U.S. involvement dating from the Kennedy era," wrote the authors of the Pentagon study on the Viet Nam War in 1967, was to apply "only limited means to achieve excessive ends." Last week, as additional parts of the Pentagon papers were published, the new documents continued to show a disturbing pattern of inexperience and ignorance at the highest levels of the U.S. Government, cynicism about America's Vietnamese "allies," and an unwillingness in Washington to abandon official policies even after they had proved to be failures. Examples:

NAIVETÉ ABOUT DIEM. The Pentagon papers reflect Washington's shallow perception of the complexity of South Viet Nam's problems and the U.S.'s limited ability to deal with them. Shortly before the 1963 coup that overthrew President Ngo Dinh Diem, the White House cabled to then Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge a lengthy set of instructions. Tidily organized under points A through M, the missive loftily proposed solutions for a country riven by political and religious strife and on the verge of military collapse. According to the cable's ungainly prose, Lodge was directed to impress on Diem that, among other things, he should: "A. Clear the air. Diem should get everyone back to work and get them to focus on winning the war. B. Buddhists and students. Let them out and leave them unmolested. C. The press should be allowed full latitude of expression. While tendentious reporting is irritating," the White House cable continued, "suppression of news leads to much more serious trouble." Lodge murmured that it was hopeless to talk with Diem since he and his brother, Secret Police Chief Ngo Dinh Nhu, believed that such reforms would under-

mine their power. But the White House replied: "We ourselves can see much virtue in an effort to reason with an unreasonable man when he is on a collision course."

U.S. FEARS OF NEUTRALITY. During the early 1960s, the U.S. feared that South Viet Nam might choose neutrality, which Washington believed would open the way to an eventual Communist takeover. American fears increased sharply in late 1963 when in quick succession 1) Ho Chi Minh suggested a cease-fire in the war, 2) Charles de Gaulle called for the neutralization of all of Viet Nam, and 3) President Diem reportedly conferred secretly in Saigon with a French diplomat from the embassy in Hanoi. In retrospect, neutralization would have been a more attractive alternative for the U.S. than escalation. Nonetheless, some U.S. officials at the time felt that the U.S. was the victim of a giant French plot to unseat American power in Southeast Asia. This suspicion was a factor in the ultimate U.S. decision to back Lieut. General Duong Van Minh's coup against Diem and his brother Nhu, who was suspected of harboring a desire for direct peace negotiations with the North. Similarly, when Minh was overthrown after only three months in power, the new strongman, General Nguyen Khanh, told the American embassy that his action had been necessary to head off a coup by pro-French neutralist generals. "Your mission," President Johnson cabled Lodge, "is precisely for the purpose of knocking down the idea of neutralization wherever it rears its ugly head."

FAULTY FORECASTS. General William C. Westmoreland continually shifted his forecast of the number of American troops that would be required to win the war in South Viet Nam. At first,



OCTOBER 1962: NHU AT YOUTH RALLY

Westmoreland asked for 175,000 troops, then he increased that figure by 100,000 in July 1965. Within five months, he upped to 443,000, and to 542,000 in January 1966. According to the Pentagon analysts, Westmoreland had failed to realize that the Communists would match the U.S. buildup. Westmoreland predicted in 1965 that within two years the U.S. would win the war.

USING MUSCLE ON KY. After Diem's overthrow, the U.S. was frustrated by governmental instability and continued political factionalism in Saigon. The breaking point came in May 1966 when Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, then the country's military strongman, provoked another Buddhist outburst by saying that he would remain in office another year, postponing the scheduled elections. After dissident South Vietnamese soldiers

and Buddhists seized control of Danang and Huế, Ky moved in troops of his own without consulting the U.S. Reacting with what the Pentagon analysts called "unrestrained fury," the State Department cabled the embassy to stop the fighting. "This may require tough talk," read the dispatch, "but the U.S. cannot accept this insane bickering." Marine General Lewis W. Walt threatened to use U.S. jets to shoot down any South Vietnamese plane that tried to attack the dissidents, and Deputy Ambassador William J. Porter withdrew U.S. airlift and advisers from the Saigon government until Thieu, who was a member of Ky's ruling coterie of generals, gave assurances that elections would be held as promised in 1967. It was those that led to Thieu's elevation to South Vietnamese President with Ky as No. 2. The holding of elections was a worthwhile objective, but the U.S.'s treatment of Ky, while undoubtedly deserved, illustrates Washington's desire to manipulate its Saigon allies.

FUTILITY OF BOMBING. After the bombing of military installations and transportation facilities in North Viet Nam failed to cripple the Communist war effort, President Johnson acceded to the military's request to knock out the country's oil supplies. Admiral Ulysses S. Grant Sharp Jr. had predicted that such action "would either bring the enemy to the conference table or cause the insurgency to wither." During the summer of 1966, U.S. warplanes destroyed at least 70% of North Viet Nam's stationary oil-storage capacity, but the destruction had no discernible effect on Communist morale or war effort. Meanwhile, a distinguished group of 47 U.S. scientists met in a seminar at Wellesley, Mass., under the auspices of the private Institute for Defense Analyses' Jason division (so named for the leader of the Argonauts in Greek mythology).

The scholars concluded that bombing of North Viet Nam was ineffective.

NUCLEAR THREAT. According to the Pentagon papers, the U.S. was considering the use of nuclear weapons in the event of Chinese intervention in Viet Nam. In a conversation with South Viet Nam's then Premier Nguyen Khanh, Secretary of State Dean Rusk said that if the planned U.S. military buildup triggered Chinese intervention, "we would not allow ourselves to be bled white while fighting them with conventional weapons." Rusk, however, was relatively restrained in comparison with many other ranking U.S. officials. Time and again, the Pentagon papers show that Washington's instinctive reaction was to resort to military force when faced with difficult problems in Asia. Fortunately, less hawkish options were usually adopted, but the initial responses of U.S. leaders were uniformly militaristic and sometimes downright bellicose.

WARNINGS OF DOMESTIC CRISIS. In March 1968, as President Johnson pondered Westmoreland's request for an additional 205,000 troops, which would have brought U.S. force levels in South Viet Nam to more than 700,000, one Pentagon official warned the White House that continued escalation of the war would result in "a domestic crisis of unprecedented proportions." Contended Paul Warnke, then Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs: "It will be difficult to convince critics that we are not destroying South Viet Nam in order to 'save it' and that we genuinely want peace talks." By contrast, other Pentagon officials enthusiastically backed Westmoreland's request for more troops. Phil G. Goulding, then Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, even argued in part that the additional troop commitments would help unite the country and still criticism of the conduct of the war.

Mud, Sweat and Tears in Louisiana

It was billed as a "celebration of life," but the Louisiana rock festival near the town of McCreia may have marked the end of what began at Woodstock as a beatific American experience and deteriorated into something violent at Altamont and vapid at Powder Ridge. Last week's festival, which lasted only four days instead of the announced eight, was an American nightmare. To begin with, the festival was postponed for three days while the promoters wallowed in legal mire. The kids amused themselves by making human mud pies and bathing in the nude. Two youths drowned in the fast-rushing Atchafalaya River. State undercover narcotics agents circulated in the crowd and made more than 100 busts. One youth died in a hospital tent from a drug overdose. Meanwhile, dazed with blistering heat, and stultifying humidity, the estimated

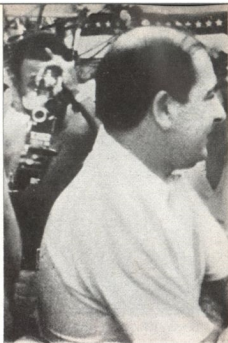
50,000 youths who gathered to see Country Joe McDonald and John Sebastian were also choked by dust. For the Woodstock Nation, McCreia was a bleak experience of mud, sweat and tears.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ROBATON—CAMERA 8





ITALIAN-AMERICAN RALLY SCENE



JOHNSON (REAR) "PHOTOGRAPHING" COLOMBO

The Mafia: Back to the Bad Old Days?

IT was to be a *celebrazone*, a party, an old-fashioned T-shirt, hot-dog and straw-hat festival of ethnic pride. Manhattan's Columbus Circle was roofed with plastic streamers in red, white and green, the colors of the old country.

The guy wires hummed in the breeze as an organ on the bandstand piped out random tunes for the early arrivals. Vendors set up rows of gaily colored booths to sell buttons (WE'RE NO. 1), pennants (ITALIAN POWER!) and other paraphernalia of prideful protest. Now, in the already shimmering morning heat, the buses came rolling in from Corona in Queens, Bensonhurst in Brooklyn, Greenwich Village and all the Little Italys of the city. The occasion was the Italian-American Civil Rights League's second annual Unity Day, and it was meant to be fun for everyone.

No one was looking to enjoy himself more than Joseph Colombo Sr., 48, the league's burly founder, unofficial leader and chief promoter. The head of one of New York's five Mafia families of organized crime, Colombo had discovered a double life through the league. Started casually, in one year it grew into a genuine vehicle of expression for thousands of Americans of Italian descent who had nothing to do with the Mafia or crime. Harnessing their honest sentiments, Colombo had helped Italian Americans to achieve new pride—and managed to do a few things for the narrower cause as well, like embarrassing the Justice Department and *The Godfather* film makers into dropping the words Mafia and Cosa Nostra from their vocabulary.

Thus, on his day, Colombo moved easily through the crowd, shaking hands,

joking, posing for photographers. Suddenly shots rang out, barely audible above the noise of the happy crowd. Colombo crumpled to the ground, bleeding heavily from the head and neck.

Almost immediately, another volley sounded and his assailant, a black posing as a photographer who only seconds before had been filming Colombo, pitched forward face down, dead. Later identified as Jerome Johnson, 24, he had been silenced by a still unidentified league captain, Colombo bodyguard, or someone posing as part of Joe's retinue. Johnson's killer escaped as professionally as he had carried out his mission, shooting Johnson three times even as police clustered around.

Hysterical spectators either rushed to see what was happening or fled in fear of more gunfire. There were confused shouts of "They got Joe! Joe's dead!" As word that the assailant was black rippled through the crowd, shock gave way to anger. Several blacks were roughed up. One, a musician who had been hired to entertain later in the day, was beaten by five or six men as on-lookers shouted, "Kill him! Kill him!"

Life Follows Art

With blood streaming from the bullet wounds, Colombo was rushed to nearby Roosevelt Hospital. In a five-hour operation, surgeons removed the most damaging bullet, which had lodged in Colombo's cerebellum. Placed under intensive care, Colombo failed to regain consciousness, and despite the resurgence of some vital signs, was given only a fifty-fifty chance to live. Still, a less robust man might have never made it to the operating table. Said

one doctor: "He's tough as hell."

Soon after the shooting, telephoned threats were received that a man was going to "machine-gun the whole family." Colombo's wife Lucille and sons, Anthony, 26, Joseph Jr., 24, and Vincent, 21, quickly converted a second-floor waiting room into a battle center. Within hours, Roosevelt Hospital took on the look of a grim, almost surrealistic parody of a Godfatheresque scene from Mario Puzo's bestselling novel.

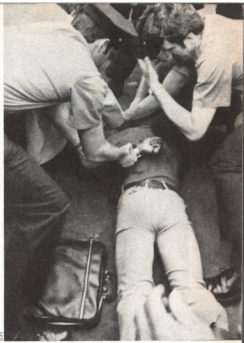
In the book, Godfather Vito Corleone is shot down in the street by members of a rival Mafia family but survives, hovering near death. To guard against a feared second attack, his family stations private detectives and trusted *caporegimes* (lieutenants) throughout the hospital where he is recuperating. If anything, Colombo security within Roosevelt Hospital was even tighter, despite the presence of uniformed and plainclothes New York City policemen.

At the hospital's entrances, small groups of outsize, burly men, wearing tiny green-and-red Italian-American League pins, nervously watched the streets, quickly sizing up each approaching pedestrian. "You watch this stairway," one bull-necked "captain" instructed a younger man. "If somebody goes into the hallway, you follow him. If he gets in the elevator, you get in with him. And if he gets off at the floor, you tell him he can't go no further."

Inside the hospital, *caporegimes* and "button men," or soldiers, the lowest-ranking Mafia family members, prowled the corridors near Colombo's room. No one was allowed near the room without the O.K. of Vincent ("Vinnie")



COLOMBO CARRIED TO AMBULANCE



JOHNSON LIES DEAD

Vingo, a Colombo family loan shark with a fearsome reputation for violence. Entertainer Sammy Davis Jr., his wife, and Rabbi Meir Kahane, who recently concluded an alliance between his militant Jewish Defense League and Colombo's league, were among the few nonfamily members to pass Vingo's muster. Davis, who emerged from the hospital grim and tight-lipped after visiting with the Colombo family, refused to comment on the shooting, saying only that Colombo has "our prayers."

The Traditional Mafia Way

The brotherhood that is the Mafia has always operated in secrecy. Sworn to an *omertà*—the oath of silence—in a ceremony of blood and fire, the old-line Mafiosi cultivated their anonymity as the first line of defense against arrest and prosecution. Despite the publicity caused by Prohibition gangland wars, the Mafia was still able to maintain a cloak of secrecy around its activities. Behind this shield, Mafia leaders gained control of gambling and narcotics, some labor unions and legitimate businesses. When the first systematic crackdowns by law-enforcement agencies started ten years ago, the bosses deemed their facelessness more important than ever.

Until Joe Colombo burst into headlines more than a year ago, the pattern of silence had never been broken. In an America now angrily aware of the Cosa Nostra, Colombo wanted to return to the *omertà* of turn-of-the-century Little Italy, where *Mafia* was a whispered word and bosses were not badgered by grand juries, tax investigators and wiretaps. To accomplish his goal, Colombo tapped deep-seated, legitimate grievances among Italian Americans and—shocking editorial writers and Mob

capos alike—jumped into press conferences and picket lines. He sought to make Cosa Nostra private once more by turning any derision of Italian Americans—Mafiosi or not—into a cause for public censure. It was a radical notion that more traditional Mafia leaders could not have imagined and, in the end, could not countenance.

Ironically, Colombo's deviation from old-line Mafia methods resulted from his adherence to the traditional code of family loyalty (see box, page 21). When his son Joseph Jr. was arrested in April 1970 on a charge of melting coins into silver ingots, Colombo acted at once. He took the usual steps of putting up bail and hiring a top lawyer to look for irregularities and loopholes. Then he did something new. He began picketing the FBI, claiming that he and his family were being harassed. After several months of daily demonstrations, the Italian-American Civil Rights League was formed.

The league's first major action was to sponsor Italian-American Unity Day last year. The rally conspicuously closed stores in neighborhoods controlled by the Mafia; New York's waterfront was virtually shut down when many longshoremen took the day off for the ethnic celebration, and almost every politician in the city joined the 50,000 celebrants in Columbus Circle. Nelson Rockefeller was offered honorary league membership and accepted.

Not only did the league persuade the Justice Department and some moviemakers to ban the term *Mafia*, but its campaign against corporations that used Italian stereotypes in their advertising led to cancellation of television commercials, including a prizewinning Alka-Seltzer ad, "Spicy Meatballs." The Ford Motor Co. assured the league

that in television series it sponsored the FBI would not track down criminals belonging to something called the Mafia. Plans for a \$3.5 million hospital were announced; recently the league set up a children's summer camp. A year after the first pickets marched in front of FBI headquarters, Colombo was honored as league man-of-the-year. Thirteen hundred people came to the dinner marking his "undying devotion to the Italian-American people and all humanitarian causes."

There were articles in magazines (TIME, April 5) and newspapers on Colombo; a lengthy story in a recent issue of *New York* analyzed Colombo's role as a catalyst for ethnic pride and an influence in New York City politics. To some observers, Colombo appeared to change as a result of the heavy publicity: he started to view himself as a civil rights leader just as misunderstood by cops in New York as black leaders were by rural sheriffs in the South. Each of his successes—and some were formidable, even laudable—underscored his determination. But those same successes were writing his own contract.

Blocks v. the Mob

Beyond Johnson lie several fascinating theories about the motives for the assassination attempt. An hour after the shooting, in a telephone call to the Associated Press, a group calling itself the Black Revolutionary Attack Team claimed credit for the shooting and vowed further assaults on figures who exploit the black community. Two days later they warned that an apartment house owned by a white Harlem drug pusher would be bombed; it was. The group had never been heard of before the first phone call, and authorities were unable initially to determine the



COLOMBO PRAYER VIGIL AT ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL



SAMMY DAVIS JR. & WIFE AT HOSPITAL
Colombo has his prayers.

identity or strength of its members. The rhetoric of black militants has recently become increasingly abusive of the Cosa Nostra, accusing Mob heroin traffickers of committing narcotics genocide in black neighborhoods.

Less altruistic motives could have been at work in New York's black communities: black mobsters eager to gain control of Mafia narcotics and gambling operations in the ghettos would have had reason to have Colombo shot. Black gangsters have become impatient to move out of the lower-echelon, dangerous jobs traditionally assigned them by Syndicate leaders.

Colombo's career as a gangster also could provide a plausible motive—revenge. One product of his years as a member of the assassination team of Joseph Profaci, head of a New York family, is a list of victims' relatives—young men orphaned by contract, brothers bound to avenge a family murder—who would like to see Colombo killed. His rise in the Mob hierarchy has also earned him the bitter enmity of former comrades, notably Joseph ("Crazy Joe") Gallo, onetime Profaci triggerman

whom Colombo opposed during a bloody gang war in the early '60s (see box).

But the most likely explanation for the Columbus Circle attack is as old as the Mafia itself and as new as Joe Colombo's vision of his role of Mafia chieftain. The New York families, or tribes, of the Cosa Nostra are on the edge of a classic power struggle, precipitated by Colombo's refusal to rule as Mafia bosses have always ruled—quietly and privately, in the tradition of the Sicilian dons. The Mafia that he insists is nonexistent almost surely tried to kill Joe Colombo.

A Cruel Dilemma

On successive nights, 50 Colombo faithful marched in a prayer circle outside the hospital's emergency-entrance parking lot. Propped against a wall was a floral display of wilting red, green and white carnations. Small plaster statues of saints were mounted on the display's legs, and candles in various stages of use were piled beneath it. Their candles flickering in the warm evening wind, the marchers chanted, "St. Jude, help Joe Colombo" or joined in the Lord's Prayer.

The assassination attempt posed a cruel dilemma for Italian Americans, who regard the league as a voice for their frustrations and have attempted to overlook Colombo's Mafia life. Father Louis Gigante possesses a unique insight into this moral tug of war: he is both the league chaplain and the younger brother of a man who was accused of trying to assassinate Frank Costello in 1957. Father Gigante was among those keeping vigil outside Roosevelt Hospital. Said he: "The league is definitely a positive thing, but all they talk about in the papers is the crime thing. We are coming together to combat problems. All I know about Joe's past is what I read in the papers. He pulled us together. The people weren't there Mon-

day for Joe Colombo, but because their pride had been excited."

Hospital authorities were understandably nervous about Colombo's presence and the activity that accompanied it. Executive Vice President Peter Terenzio refused to discuss the matter at all. One hospital guard, however, voiced a common fear. "If this guy dies," he said, "they'll probably turn the hospital upside down. These kind of people—it's a pleasure to stay away from them. They are ready to explode at the drop of a hat. They are really touchy."

Troubled Assassin

Fearing just such an explosion, New York City police worked feverishly to determine who wanted Colombo dead. The trail began with Johnson. By matching spent bullets with the pistol, a 7.65-mm. automatic of foreign manufacture, taken from Johnson's body, police established with some certainty that Johnson had shot Colombo. A film made at the time of the attack showed Johnson photographing Colombo just seconds before the shooting, and partly confirms eyewitness reports that he had an accomplice. In one sequence, Johnson walked over to an Afroed black woman with a shoulder bag and handed her his movie camera.

The Capo Who

JOE COLOMBO's civic career is a recent development. Until he organized the Italian-American Civil Rights League, he was a much more private person, intent on following his father's profession. Anthony Colombo was a successful Brooklyn mobster until he was garroted one night in 1938 in the back seat of his car along with his girl friend. The killing forced young Joe to quit high school and go to work in a printing plant to support his mother and younger sister. He enlisted in the Coast Guard in World War II, but he got into so much trouble that he was treated for psychoneurosis in a hospital and given a medical discharge. He collected a disability allowance of \$11.50 a month.

Returning to Brooklyn, Colombo drifted into a life of petty crime under the shadow of the Mafia. By Mafioso standards, Colombo was not much of a success. He failed to compile the kind of record that would mark him for bigger things. For a while he served as a musclem on the piers; later he organized rigged dice games. He was given a promotion of sorts when he was appointed to a five-man assassination squad under the direction of Mafia Boss Joe Profaci. Also on the team were the Gallo brothers: Larry and Crazy Joe.

According to police, the group per-

From relatives, friends and police records, investigators pieced together a sketch of Johnson as a deeply troubled character, part sadist, part con man, part dreamer. To coeds at Rutgers University's campus in New Brunswick, N.J., where he was a frequent drop-in in recent months, he was known as "Pisces Man" because of a fascination, bordering on obsession, for astrology. He could be a spellbinding talker, pleasant to be around—for a while.

To others, he was darkly sinister. One woman told police of meeting Johnson at Rutgers. Not much later he appeared at her apartment, she said, and that was the beginning of "three months of torture." The woman alleged that she was periodically beaten and raped by him while being threatened with a machete or sword. She also told of Johnson's talking far into the night, contending that he was God and praising Italians. When she heard that Colombo had been shot by a man named Johnson, she said, she knew instantly who it was.

Born in Waycross, Ga., Johnson was raised by his maternal grandmother until, at nine, he moved to New Brunswick to join his mother. After high school graduation in 1964, he moved to California and from there drifted



EX-TRIGGERMAN JOSEPH GALLO

through a patchwork of odd jobs, wanderings and scrapes with the law. Police records list at least seven arrests on charges ranging from burglary and rape to grand larceny and narcotics possession. He was last arrested in New York City on June 4, on charges of possessing hashish and marijuana, but the charges were dropped.

Johnson's last known address was on



SUPERBOSS CARLO GAMBINO
Cagey old capo.

Went Public

formed efficiently, disposing of some 15 troublesome victims until in 1959 they were ordered to murder one of their own gang. They obeyed their instructions, but afterward they thought it over. If Profaci could eliminate one of them, what about the rest? The Gallos committed the unthinkable: they rebelled against their Mafia boss. Not only that, they kidnaped five Profaci henchmen, holding them captive until the boss agreed to give them a bigger piece of the action. The solemn agreement lasted until the hostages were released. Then a fierce three-year gang war broke out. Before it was over, nine mobsters had been killed, 15 were wounded and three disappeared.

Remaining loyal to Profaci but keeping as quiet as possible, Colombo escaped from the wars unscathed—but only just. On July 4, 1963, the Gallos planned to ambush him on his way home from the country club where he regularly played golf. Somehow, he got word and took another route.

Eventually, Colombo engineered a truce between the warring Mafia factions. At the same time he added to his power in another way. Two of the Mafia bosses, Joe Bonanno and Joe Magliocco, decided to let a contract for the extinction of three of their rivals: Carlo Gambino and Thomas Lucchese of New York City, and Stefano Magaddino of Buffalo. Who should be picked for the job but enterprising Joe

Colombo? In this case, however, Joe thought the victims would be worth more to him than the contract. So he tipped them off. Bonanno made his hasty, celebrated disappearance and the "Bananas War" got under way. Some seven mobsters were slain, but once again Colombo escaped with profit.

In 1963 he was given command of the Profaci family. At 40 he was the youngest of the Mafia chieftains. Until then, his virtue had been his caution. Except for law-enforcement agencies, hardly anyone knew who he was. Though he had been arrested a dozen times on minor charges, he had been convicted only three times. He was fined twice for gambling, and he was jailed for 30 days in 1966 because he refused to tell a grand jury what he knew about mob infiltration of legitimate business. His bigger operations were largely untouched by the law or publicity: gambling in Brooklyn and Nassau County, loan-sharking in Manhattan, hijacking at Kennedy Airport.

He lives inconspicuously: the Mafia equivalent of the man in the gray flannel suit. A conservative if stylish dresser, he looks the part of the conventional real estate salesman that he claims to be. His split-level home in Brooklyn, where he lives with his wife, his two unmarried sons and a daughter, is scarcely distinguishable from other houses in the neighborhood. Hidden away in Orange County, N.Y., is a more appropriate setting for a Mafia boss: an extensive estate, complete with tennis courts, a swimming pool and a horse-

racing track. Colombo is also a skillful handball player and shoots golf in the middle 80s.

Colombo has been able to account for an income of about \$18,000 a year through real estate dealings; associates report that he rarely has any difficulty collecting his commissions. On a Dick Cavett television show, Colombo explained that he also owns a piece of a florist shop and of a funeral home. When the studio audience laughed at the mortuary connection, Colombo bridled. He was not trying to be funny, he said, and he did not find the matter at all amusing.

When U.S. Attorney General John Mitchell stepped up the war on organized crime, Colombo lost his cool. He became angered when the FBI trailed him, questioned his friends and family and arrested Joseph Jr. (he was later acquitted). In that anger the Italian-American Civil Rights League was born.

If Colombo survives, he will face not only the continued wrath of his colleagues in crime but a one-to-24-year jail sentence for perjury. When he applied for a real estate broker's license, he was indiscreet enough to try to disguise his criminal record. In addition he is under indictment for larceny and conspiracy in a \$750,000 diamond robbery on Long Island, and he will soon go on trial for tax evasion. Lawmen may no longer proclaim that they are going after the "Mafia" thanks to Colombo's efforts, but they are intent on pursuing at least one Mafia boss more zealously than ever.

the Lower East Side of Manhattan. Among the belongings found there was a box of 7.65-mm. bullets. The remainder of his worldly goods consisted of a monkey, a curved 34-in.-long sword and sheath, a flute, a solid wooden cane, a riding crop, a bottle of English Leather lotion in a wooden box, stolen blank checks, a book titled *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, a serape and a crimson, gold-threaded cape.

Decline of the Commission

Colombo's new celebrity status attracted attention to men who decidedly opposed public scrutiny—the bosses of the other New York families. A great deal of the scrutiny came from law-enforcement agencies, Mafia bosses, who had built careful layers of insulation around themselves—never dealing directly with button men, trusting only a few close lieutenants—found their protective covering being stripped away. Grand jury subpoenas were issued to men convinced they were safe from such summonses. The high-rolling lifestyle they enjoyed was sharply straitened by Internal Revenue Service agents, who carefully checked any discrepancies between reported income and visible spending. Most of the scrutiny was the result of a growing public clamor for a curb on Mob activity—not Joe Colombo's public posturing. But Mafia chieftains blamed him nonetheless, and at least one prominent Mafioso believed that Colombo and the league had netted him a grand jury subpoena.

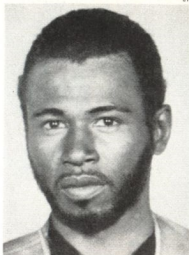
Moreover the five New York families are just emerging from a decade that left their tight paramilitary structure shaken and disorganized. The bitterness of past Mafia wars still lingers, especially between Colombo and Joseph Gallo, the volatile former Profaci triggerman whose defection sparked the 1961 war. He once kept a wildcat in his basement and, for luck, a dwarf on his payroll. Released last March after serving nine years for extortion, he returned to New York with a grudge against Colombo and heretical ideas about recruiting blacks into Mafia ranks. These have made him the subject of speculation regarding the shooting.

Of the five dons in power a decade ago, only one—Carlo Gambino—retains his position today. In the four other slots, the old bosses have not been officially replaced or the men who succeeded them—including Colombo—were not considered their equals. A measure of the scorn in which Colombo was held is revealed in the wire-tap transcripts of a conversation between New Jersey Boss "Sam the Plumber" DeCavalcante and his underboss, Frank Majuri:

DeCavalcante: Joe Colombo. Where's a guy like that belong in the Commission? What experience has he got?

Majuri: This is ridiculous.

The all-powerful Commission, which dominated Mob affairs across the country for decades, has likewise fallen into



JEROME JOHNSON

Part sadist, part con man, part dreamer.

disarray. After the disastrous Apalachin meeting in 1957, where 58 mobsters were arrested, the Commission abandoned full-scale gatherings. For a while, its members met in twos and threes to conduct Cosa Nostra business—sometimes on Sunday morning when, they assumed, FBI agents would be in church. When these arrangements failed, the dons were left to communicate with one another from outdoor phone booths—a far cry from the grand council meetings in luxury hotels. The vacuum in leadership and logistical planning opened the way for the sole cagey survivor of the old days—Carlo Gambino, 68, head of the largest family in the U.S.

The Boss of Bosses

In the past year, Gambino has assumed wide-ranging control of the organization as no one had done since the Commission was created in the mid-'30s. He has become the boss of bosses and as his power has grown, so has his

disapproval of Colombo. Commission members, who had taken such care to dissociate themselves from each other, were appalled to discover the contents of a plastic briefcase that Colombo was carrying when he was picked up by the FBI. Colombo had often patted the briefcase and informed his listeners: "God is in this briefcase." What concerned his fellow Mafiosi was the presence not of a bigger being, but of a roster of contributors to the league's benefit show at Madison Square Garden. When the case was opened, it was found to contain such names as Al ("Alley Boy") Persico, John ("John Wop") Caccamo, Frank ("Beast") Falanga, Albert ("Blast") Gallo and Carlo Gambino. Furthermore, Colombo's distinctly high-profile leadership conflicted with Gambino's ideas of how a Mafia chief should conduct himself.

While some observers considered Colombo the prototype of the new Mafia leader, the public relations-oriented businessman needed to run the growing list of legitimate Mafia-controlled enterprises, to Gambino he was a recklessly visible member of a society that still needed invisibility in order to function properly. There is speculation that Gambino and other Colombo associates were unhappy over their failure to share in the estimated \$2,000,000 the league has raised since its founding. Gambino became convinced, as were law-enforcement officials, that Colombo was using the league for his own benefit.

As Colombo worked on preparations for what was to have been the triumph of the second Italian-American Unity Day, opposition was solidifying within the Mob. Tommy Eboli, acting boss of Vito Genovese's New York family, let his disgust with Colombo be known in Mob circles. Gallo's soldiers went among Brooklyn merchants, telling them not to close for Unity Day, tossing league buttons into trash cans, burning Colombo's signs and asserting that Colombo was using poor Italian people's dues to help him fight the FBI. Longshoremen, who had swelled the previous year's crowds, withheld their support this year, partly accounting for the fact that only 8,000 showed, a drop of more than 40,000 from last year's rally.

The Word Was Out

When Colombo pressed on, the pressure—and the signals—increased. In mid-May, league officials were assaulted in Brooklyn, and Colombo was shoved and slapped when he tried to break up the fight. On June 11, Gambino lieutenants sent word for Colombo to ease up on Unity Day preparations, but he refused. A week later, Colombo was beaten once more. A golf partner reported that when a golf-cart tire blew out with a bang, "Colombo dove for the ground and crawled under the cart." Two weeks before the Unity Day Rally, some gangsters suspected that Colombo was a murder target.

For nearly a week, police investigators

COLOMBO & SON ANTHONY IN LEAGUE OFFICE





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[†]East Coast P.O.E. \$7,297 Mercedes-Benz 280SE. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.

could establish no direct connection between Jerome Johnson and the Mafia. By week's end they had settled on the theory that Johnson had been chosen precisely because such a connection was difficult to prove. Johnson, police asserted, was a hired killer who had been silenced by a second triggerman at the rally. Colombo associates meanwhile continued to insist that the murder attempt was an isolated attack. "It seems like shooting civil rights leaders is 'in' in recent years," explained a league official.

The Colombo family's public pronouncements constituted a weak, improbable case. As Colombo lay in a

coma, Mafia and law-enforcement officials awaited developments in what was certainly the opening round of a new Mob conflict. In the past, the emergence of a boss of bosses like Gambino has usually resulted in a war. The modern Mafia was reorganized in the 1930s, and the Commission was established after bloody battles to curb the power of a single leader. Gambino's assertion of leadership—quite apart from the Colombo family's need for revenge—makes it possible that a full-scale battle may erupt. Beyond doubt, the attempt to murder Joe Colombo has profoundly affected the Cosa Nostra. Gallo blocked off the street where

he lives the night after the attack, and that same night, only twelve hours after Jerome Johnson fired three bullets into Colombo, business in a small Italian restaurant outside New York City began to pick up. A group of well-dressed men sat around tables near the kitchen having a late-evening snack and coffee. They chatted for an hour, then left. For the first time in years, the Mafia's high Commission had been driven out of the anonymity of phone booths and into a public meeting. Unwilling though they might have been to admit it, the new-style leader Colombo had forced them into the oldest of their ways.

A Chronicle of Bloodletting

INTERNECINE warfare has always been a brutal fact of Mafia life. Struggles for power by violent men naturally beget violence. Further, the Cosa Nostra has traditionally been divided between the "Mustache Pates," as the powerful old Sicilian-born kingpins were contemptuously called, and the young American-born racketeers who did the dirty work for change and a pat on the head.

The Masseria-Maranzano war, or Castellammarese war, was one of the first great Mob battles, spanning the early Cosa Nostra days of 1930-31. For all of Al Capone's notoriety, the most powerful underworld leader then was Giuseppe ("Joe the Boss") Masseria, who was flanked by such young up-and-comers as "Lucky" Luciano, Vito Genovese and Frank Costello. Masseria was determined to consolidate his position by eliminating his chief rival, Salvatore Maranzano, and his clannish Castellammarese (men from the Sicilian town of Castellammare del Golfo), including "Joe Bananas" Bonanno and Joseph Profaci in Brooklyn and Joseph Aiello in Chicago. Masseria made the fatal mistake of executing one of his own leaders, Gaetano Reina, who ran New York City's profitable ice concession. Reina's men joined forces with Maranzano, and after a few skirmishes, Masseria's lieutenants realized that they were hopelessly outnumbered. Five of them secretly surrendered to Maranzano and agreed to execute Masseria in return for profit—and their lives. Three of Masseria's henchmen later murdered him in a Coney Island restaurant.

Maranzano gathered some 500 troops and declared a peace. It did not last long. On Sept. 11, 1931, five men walked into Maranzano's Park Avenue office, claimed they were detectives and had everyone in the outer office line up against the wall. Then two of the "detectives" burst into the inner office, shot Maranzano and cut his throat. Within 48 hours, at least 40 of Maranzano's confederates, most of them experienced hands from the old country, were slain in various parts of the country.

All of the deaths, including those of Masseria and Maranzano, were engineered by spruce, soft-spoken little Lucky Luciano, who then formed "the Commission" to ensure that the brotherhood would never again suffer from one-man rule by a *capo di tutti capi*—boss of all bosses.

After Luciano's exile in 1946, Vito Genovese and Frank Costello emerged as two of the Mob's most formidable powers, and subsequently squared off. Genovese had leadership of a family, but wanted to be nothing less than what Luciano had sought to abolish: the boss of all bosses. In 1951 he went after one of Costello's top men, Willie Moretti. Sitting in a Greenwich Village restaurant one night with Joseph Valachi and several other of his men, Genovese said (according to Valachi): "Willie has got to be hit because he is not well. He has lost his mind, and that is the way life is. If tomorrow I go wrong, I would want to be hit so as not

to bring harm to this thing of ours." Hence Moretti's death (his body was found in a Cliffside Park, N.J., restaurant with two bullet wounds in the head) became known in mob circles as a "mercy killing."

The feud simmered until 1957, when Genovese decided that Costello had to be executed. According to Valachi, he dispatched Vincente ("The Chin") Gigante, an enormous prizefighter, to do the job. At 11 o'clock on the night of May 2, 1957, Costello arrived by cab at his apartment building on Central Park West. As he strode through the lobby, Gigante said, "This is for you, Frank," and fired one shot as Costello wheeled around. But his aim was way off, and although Costello was covered with blood when he reached Roosevelt Hospital, the bullet had only creased his skull. (Gi-

GEORGE SILA—LIFE



ANASTASIA MURDER SCENE (1957)

gante was later acquitted of the shooting.) As Valachi said in his bestselling memoirs about the Mafia, *The Valachi Papers*: "The Chin wasted a whole month practicing."

Genovese feared that Costello alive posed a grave threat to him, so he looked around to see what his enemy might do for allies. The most likely was Albert Anastasia, affectionately known as "The Mad Hatter." Genovese approached Carlo Gambino, then only an ambitious Anastasia lieutenant, and convinced him that they would both be better off with Anastasia dead. Gambino quickly got the point. On Oct. 25, 1957, just as Anastasia had settled back comfortably in a barber chair in Manhattan's Park-Sheraton Hotel, his bodyguard conveniently excused himself. Two men walked in quickly, drew pistols and turned Anastasia and the shop into a blood-spattered nightmare. It was the last murder of a major Cosa Nostra leader.

THE WORLD

The U.S. As Scapegoat

LONG before the Viet Nam papers were liberated from the Pentagon's files, Americans had endlessly debated the question of why the U.S. ever got into the war. The official rationale was, and remains, that the South Vietnamese need and want U.S. help to maintain their independence. In fact, the feelings of the Vietnamese people were rarely considered by U.S. policymakers. Recently, a more or less formal poll was taken among the South Vietnamese to find out what, in their view, the U.S. has been up to. The answers, gathered by U.S.-trained poll takers in five areas from Qui Nhon on the central coast to Can Tho in the Mekong Delta, range from balanced to bizarre.

Choosing Not to Win. In Saigon, 30% of those questioned said the U.S. was in Viet Nam to stop Communism. But 44% could not—or would not—offer any explanation for the massive U.S. presence. A sizable minority of 17% said the Americans were there primarily to test their new weapons or to make money for munitions manufacturers. Nobody suggested, however, as do some New Leftists in the U.S., that Washington plunged so deeply into the war to exploit the oil that has recently been discovered off the shores of South Viet Nam. A majority said that the U.S. could have won the war but chose not to do so for its own perverse and selfish reasons.

What good has the U.S. done for Viet Nam? Almost three-fourths of those questioned in Can Tho cited the fight against Communism and the roads and bridges that the U.S. has built. But 12% could think of nothing specific, and 14% insisted that the U.S. has done no good at all. When the same group was asked what were the worst things Americans had done, 78% cited the corruption of Vietnamese youth, women, customs and traditions, the use of Vietnamese officials as "henchmen," the undermining of the country's politics and economy, and the disregard of its national sovereignty, dignity, life

and property. The remaining 22% had "no opinion." Perhaps the most savage view of the U.S. impact recently appeared in the opposition newspaper *Hoa Binh*, which printed a cartoon showing Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon literally raping the country.

A large majority—ranging from 71% in Can Tho to 83% in Nha Trang—thought the U.S. controlled the Saigon government. The general attitude was summarized by another opposition newspaper, *Cong Luan*, in an editorial on the presidential elections scheduled for October: "As to what candidate has the greatest chance for success, all Vietnamese agree with the Vice President [Nguyen Cao Ky] that the most trustworthy prophet is none other than [U.S. Ambassador] Ellsworth Bunker." Translation: Bunker knows because Bunker decides. A cartoon in Saigon's *Tin Sang* daily summarizes a widespread feeling; it shows Ambassador Bunker, called "the Father of the Country," rocking a cradle labeled "Viet Nam."

Most of those polled felt that U.S. civilians in Viet Nam tended to be honest, courteous and industrious, with the exception of construction workers. Many praised U.S. military men for their hard work and sincerity. But servicemen were also criticized as "drunkards, haughty, licentious men who wore ridiculous clothes and seemed indifferent to accidents for which they were responsible."

Just Demonstrators. To explore these attitudes more deeply, TIME's Saigon Bureau Chief Jonathan Larsen in recent weeks interviewed a number of well-educated South Vietnamese. The interviews demonstrated beyond a doubt that even the most sophisticated Vietnamese



G.I. GETTING SHOESHINE IN CAPITAL
From balanced to bizarre.

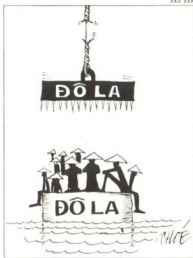
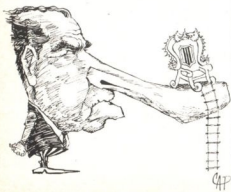
blame the U.S. for a wide range of war-induced problems, from economic crises to political corruption. Items:

A NEWSPAPER EDITOR: "At first, the Vietnamese thought the Americans were very generous, with idealism to fight Communism. But after years of seeing you behave in bars, driving recklessly and insulting our people, we know that we were wrong to put you so high. You put a woman too high, and then you marry her and realize you were deceived. So it is with you and us. You had no time to show your culture, your education, your civilization. You were too busy fighting the war. The French had time. They showed us their music, their schools, their culture. If our people could see you in the States, they would have a far better impression. But here they see G.I.s running over innocent people and fleeing the scene of the accident."

"You thought that you were superior and did not want to ask our advice. You didn't know how to approach the Vietnamese. What you needed was a Dale Carnegie course in how to get along with the Vietnamese. Take the title 'advisers,' which you have given yourselves. To us, an adviser should be someone who is superior in every way, who can give you advice on all subjects, on life, on love. You are really just 'demonstrators.' You show us how to shoot the M-16 and fly the F-5, and we need you for that. But you are not 'advisers.' You thought that by giving us an easy life, a television, a washing machine, a car, that we could fight Communism better. That is not true. You must have discipline, you must make sacrifices to fight Communism. We have become bourgeois, although we were not born to be bourgeois."

AN OPPOSITION DEPUTY IN THE LOWER HOUSE: "The people in the country believe that you are here to sell weapons

A SAIGON CARTOONIST'S VIEW: VIET NAM'S
PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR SITS ON NIXON'S NOSE



U.S. DOLLAR ENTRAPS PEASANTS

because the U.S. is run by the manufacturers of big weapons. The American policy is to make small countries dependent on the Americans. How can the people believe that the Americans are here, as Mr. Nixon says, so that the people can choose their own fate and their own leaders, when the U.S. Government so openly supports President Thieu?"

A TEXTILE MANUFACTURER: "When we were in bad straits in 1965, the Americans came here to rescue the Vietnamese, so the majority of the people thought the Americans came here to defend them. But as the war wore on, they realized, no, the Americans came here to help themselves. The people feel perhaps you do not want to end the war."

A CIVIL ENGINEER: "Americans came like firemen to extinguish the fire, but they haven't done the job, and now they are going home. It's unbelievable. Fine, we will put out the fire ourselves, but you have taken the water, the pump and the ladder with you. Once we knew how to put out these fires with bucket brigades, but now we are used to your technology, and you are taking it away. Many people believe things were better in 1961 than they are today. There were no motorcycles then, few radios. Now the people are making more money and there is more democracy, but the morality of the society is declining sharply. Our spiritualism has given way to materialism."

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR: "The Vietnamese can win the victory, but first we must stop the 'graspers.' To stop this corruption, we need the CIA, the FBI and the CID [the Army's Criminal Investigation Division]. Everything in Viet Nam is planned by the Americans, including who sits in the palace. If the Americans don't want Nguyen Van Thieu for President, he will leave—it is as simple as that. If they want to stop the corruption and the grasping, they can do it."

It is distressing but hardly surprising that so many Vietnamese see the Americans as scapegoats for almost everything that is wrong with their country today. Many of the accusations are not only untrue but cruel. The idea that the U.S. would pour \$125 billion and 45,000 lives into the country with the idea of "undermining" it is absurd; yet some Vietnamese insist that such is the case. Illogically, many are convinced that the U.S. is supporting Thieu and at the same time trying to weaken the Thieu government.

According to a nationwide poll, 66% of the Vietnamese people are aware of the U.S. troop withdrawal. Of these, 56% approve of the U.S. departure—possibly because they feel spurned—and do not appear to be overly concerned about the consequences. While 21% of this group think the position of the North Vietnamese will be strengthened, 38% foresee only a short-term problem that the South Vietnamese can handle. A scant 15%, however, believe that ARVN is strong enough to maintain control without any hitches.

Middle East: Dead But Not Buried

WHEN the U.S. three months ago became the middleman in Egyptian-Israeli negotiations over the reopening of the Suez Canal, Secretary of State William Rogers laid down an injunction. Neither side should present memorandums, he said, because written words often back negotiators into corners. He urged that all proposals or observations be kept oral.

Despite that logical precaution, Washington last week found itself trying to explain its way out of an embarrassing gaffe—caused by an American memo. Visiting Cairo, Columnist Joseph Kraft was told by Egyptian Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad that Egypt had agreed to a written U.S. suggestion that Israel pull back from the canal to a line halfway across Sinai. The Egyptians would move to within 15 miles of the Israeli

up trial balloons at the behest of the State Department. That seems especially likely in view of the fact that the U.S. is tinkering with a proposal—oral—much like Bergus' for solving the Suez impasse. It calls for Israel to pull back about 35 miles in Sinai, for Egyptian civilians and a token military force to cross over the canal but to move only 15 miles into the peninsula, and for a formal cease-fire. Neither Israel nor Egypt has seized on the plan, however, and one Israeli Cabinet member said last week of the negotiations: "They are dead but not buried."

Carrot and Stick. The impasse added significance to another curious U.S. move: a quiet four-day visit to Israel last week by CIA Director Richard Helms. The Administration would say nothing about Helms' trip, but he con-



CIA DIRECTOR HELMS



STATE DEPARTMENT'S BERGUS

Stepping off the reservation.

line, and a United Nations truce force would be set up between them.

The Israelis, who have never seen such a memorandum, much less agreed to such terms, were furious. Quickly, the State Department explained that the memo was not official. What had happened, it said, was that Donald Bergus, Washington's provisional representative in Cairo, had offered Riad his own "informal and personal" suggestion for a Suez plan. "He certainly stepped off the reservation," said one official, "but we're not going to disown him. He's a capable man with excellent contacts."

Bogus Memorandum. Publicly, Israel accepted the explanation; privately, its diplomats spoke scornfully of the "Bogus Memorandum." Their skepticism was well founded. It seemed most unlikely that Bergus, 51, who has spent more than 25 years on Middle East matters and served ably since 1967 in his present sensitive post, would have ignored Rogers' directive. A possible explanation is that Bergus was sending

ferred with Premier Golda Meir and the hierarchy of top officials. He also toured Israeli-occupied Sharm el Sheikh at the tip of the Sinai peninsula and the area around it.

Helms' visit appeared to be more of a political mission than a security check. One reason for it could be that President Nixon, who respects Helms' judgment highly, is presently pondering an Israeli request for additional military equipment. Israel is convinced that Washington is using such aid as both carrot and stick to force it into unwanted compromises. The Israelis told Helms that since the Soviets are moving inexorably southward toward East Africa and the Indian Ocean, establishing a naval presence and setting up ports of call and repair facilities, friendly nations such as Israel ought to be included in Western defense planning. On that basis, the Israelis argue, arms shipments ought to be determined according to strategic priorities, and not be subject to the more local pressures of the Arab-Israeli conflict.

Mao's Attempt to Remake Man

The thought, culture and customs that brought China to where we found her must disappear. The thought, customs and culture of proletarian China, which does not yet exist, must appear.

—Mao Tse-tung to French Minister of Culture André Malraux, 1965

MERELY gaining effective control over China's 800 million people—a population twice the size of the British Empire at its zenith—was an epic achievement. But Mao Tse-tung's ambitions did not stop there. A few months after his conversation with Malraux, Mao launched the cataclysmic Cultural Revolution. It was the climax, perhaps the final one, in what M.I.T. Sinologist Lucien Pye describes as an effort to remake completely "the thoughts and sentiments of a people who have already been molded by the oldest civilization on earth." Mao wanted to do nothing less than transform the traditional Chinese peasant—passive, materialistic, instinctively dependent on a ruling elite—into a new Maoist Man. He would be self-reliant but unwaveringly loyal to the state, a faithful fanatic who would "neither seek fame or gain nor fear hardship or death, but toil body and soul for the people." Only such a man, the Chairman believes, can prevent the Chinese revolution from sliding into Soviet-style "softness" and "revisionism."

Beware Impetuosity. It was a fantastic undertaking. One measure of how far Mao is from success is the state of the 17 million-member Chinese Communist Party, which marked its 50th anniversary last week. Mao demolished the party during the Cultural Revolution in his effort to wipe out the "capitalist roaders" and others who did not share his own mystical concept of the revolution. He hoped to replace them with freshly radicalized, totally Maoized youth who would be prepared to spend

their lives in permanent struggle. But they have yet to appear.

In the 25 provincial-level administrations where the Communist organization has been restored (out of a total of 29), things are controlled by the same army pragmatists who stepped in to run the country when the Red Guards went haywire. One exception is Shanghai, which is still in the hands of the educated urban activists who dominated the party before the Cultural Revolution. Of the provincial bosses, 18 are old-line generals, five vintage bureaucrats, two veterans of service in the state security apparatus. Rural, poorly educated, untraveled and just plain old—their average age is 62—they are hardly the sort of men to heed Mao's call to "take in the fresh." In fact, a dominant theme of the 25,000-word anniversary editorial that appeared in the Peking press last week was a warning against the evils of "impetuosity."

Speaking Bitterness. The condition of the party aside, Westerners who have been admitted to China since Peking launched its venture in Ping Pong diplomacy report that in other respects, Mao has made remarkable strides toward his goal. Their dispatches tell of orderly cities where threadbare but smiling millions echo Maoist slogans, of shopkeepers who leave their goods out all night without fear of their being stolen, of a military establishment whose \$150-a-month generals uncomplainingly accepted a sizable pay cut in 1969. Maoist thought, some of the travelers reported, has done away with corruption, enabled the deaf to regain their hearing, and inspired peasants to complete herculean engineering projects with tools no more sophisticated than their bare hands. "No one who has not lived here before," writes Canadian Diplomat Chester Ronning, "can fully appreciate the almost miraculous transformation."



TOT WITH BOOK OF MAO'S THOUGHTS
Learning to hate the old.

Maoism was always grounded more in a naive spiritualism than in psychological or even political theory. Though the Communist rule of China proceeded conventionally enough in the beginning, by the mid-1950s Mao decided that the great necessity was not to institutionalize socialism but to institutionalize revolution. To prod the country's historically passive masses into a ceaseless struggle for the new world, writes University of Michigan Political Scientist Richard Solomon, Mao made virtues of hostility and aggression, the two human characteristics most deeply suppressed by the Confucian ethic. "The more one hates the old society," Mao reasoned, "the more one will love the party and the new society." Notes Solomon: "Mao believes the intense sentiment of aggression is the only force powerful enough to sustain the involvement of China's peasants and workers in the tasks of social revolution."

Party cadres still regularly instruct groups of peasants in the cathartic pleasures of "speaking bitterness" about the bad old pre-Mao days. Provincial newspapers and radio stations (about half of China's towns and villages receive broadcasts) blare endless polemics against U.S. imperialists, Soviet revisionists and home-grown "class enemies."

The Headmaster. Rituals are used to submerge individualism and stress loyalty to the state. "In no other political culture," notes M.I.T.'s Pye, "has use of the theater been so widespread and intensive. Strip away the dance teams, the theatrical groups, the mass parades and the gymnastic formations, and one of the most distinctive features of the Chinese brand of Communism would disappear." The main feature, perhaps, is the military-style organization of Chinese life. In one way or another, says Premier Chou En-lai, "we are all com-



PREMIER CHOU EN-LAI, CHAIRMAN MAO & HEIR APPARENT LIN PIAO IN PEKING
Neither seek fame or gain nor fear hardship or death.

nected with the army." Factories, communes and schools are organized into squads, companies and brigades. "All China is a great school of Mao Tse-tung Thought," writes Journalist Edgar Snow, "and the army is its headmaster."

The Chinese press is full of human-interest vignettes showing how this emphasis on spiritual transformation works—and foreign observers do not doubt that occasionally it does work. There is, for example, the \$25-a-month woman factory worker who turned down a prize for repeatedly overfulfilling her quota. "I am already being paid for serving the people," she protested. "This in itself is not quite correct. To give me something extra would not only be superfluous, but would actually be a misuse of public funds."

Nevertheless, reports TIME Hong Kong Bureau Chief Bruce Nelson, "No matter how antlike the masses of China might seem at times, they are very human beings. Their culture provides some special characteristics, but they have the usual complement of emotions, drives, ambitions. Most of them want an orderly society, a good job, good food, shelter, a happy family and a little fun out of life. It is this value system that Mao has tried to replace with a taste for unrelenting struggle and turmoil." Not even Mao pretends that he has completely succeeded. During a visit to a commune north of Peking this spring, New York *Times*man Seymour Topping found "the same gentle civility of the people" that he had encountered in China two decades ago. "Old family shrines have been replaced by portraits of Chairman Mao," he noted, "but parents are still obviously revered, and small children, as always, are left in the care of grandparents who live with the family."

A Lot of Action. The Chairman's New China, argues Michigan's Solomon, is still bedeviled by "the age-old Confucian distinction between thought and action, theory and practice." In *Mao's Revolution and the Chinese Political Culture*, a new study to be published by the University of California Press this fall, Solomon maintains that "China remains largely a traditional peasant society." The Chinese peasant, who represents 85% of the population, is motivated primarily by the desire for a secure and prosperous life for himself and his family and only secondarily by feelings about China as a whole. Mao seems unable to entirely fend off the "sugar-coated bullets"—the term he uses to describe material pleasures and temptations—that threaten to push China down the Soviet road.

The regime has raised wages an average 17% since the Cultural Revolution, but now mining and railway workers are agitating for even more. Last month postal workers in Canton appealed, unsuccessfully, for higher pay. Money is not the only sugar-coated bullet either. Mao favors those good gray (or blue) unisex styles, but rare is the

young Chinese girl who does not have a fancy embroidered-silk jacket or a flowered dress tucked away somewhere. Sex is supposed to follow marriage but, as a Swede who frequently visits China pointed out, "If you walk around in the parks in the summer, there is a lot of action."

Favorable Winds. Provincial radio stations are forever scolding errant Chinese for a variety of venal sins. One recent broadcast complained that "class enemies" at a commune in Kwangtung province "have whipped up a sinister capitalist wind of 'going it alone' in sideline production." Translation: some miscreants are spending too little time down on the commune and too much tending the few vegetables, pigs and chickens they are allowed to raise and sell for cash.

If Mao thus has not succeeded in changing human (or Chinese) nature, if Maoist Man remains a vision, he has nevertheless established an amazing degree of at least surface unanimity and loyalty. The ordinary citizen can hardly do less than try to get along with the state, which in a totalitarian system like China's is the source of all rewards—and all punishment. After all, says one 30-year-old party-educated intellectual who recently fled to Hong Kong, the Chinese peasantry has always been like "the grass on the hilltop"—ready to blow with the prevailing political winds. The winds, it must be conceded, have been generally favorable. Despite such Mao-inspired aberrations as the Great Leap Forward of 1958-59 and the Cultural Revolution, the country is now relatively stable. Jobs are available, the yen is firm, and the kind of famines that used to wipe out 20 million people at a time are a fading memory.

A European diplomat who has served in Peking finds Mao's China "a very self-contained country. It doesn't owe anybody a cent. It has one of the most stable currencies. The people can't possibly long for the time when they pulled rickshaws for white people."

Prospect. It has not been lost on Defense Minister Lin Piao and the other moderates who run China these days that the Chinese economy moves ahead only when Maoism, with its disruptive emphasis on "struggle" and its relative indifference to rates of production, is throttled. Last year China harvested a record 240 million tons of grain; many more such crops will be needed if Peking is ever to feed its population (which is still growing at 2% a year) and industrialize as well. Thus the prospect is for an extended pause in the effort to remake the Chinese mind—a prospect that might please the masses, but not the impatient revolutionary of 77 who once protested almost fearfully that

*The world rolls on,
Time presses.
Ten thousand years are too long!
Seize the day! Seize the hour!*



SUHARTO IN WASHINGTON (1970)

INDONESIA

Electing God's Government

For months the sign of the banyan tree has been sprouting all over Indonesia. Planes dropped leaflets and kites that displayed the spreading tree, *Be-tjak* (three-wheeled ricksha) drivers wore polo shirts imprinted with it. Practically every civil servant in the sprawling archipelago nation sported a button emblazoned with the symbol. Radio and television stations frequently played a song extolling the tree, traditional symbol of security, as the place "to hail while expecting the blessings of God."

The message was clear: the blessings of God would come only if President Suharto and his regime remained in power. The tree is the symbol of the government's political organization, Sekber Golkar. Last week, when 57 million Indonesians went to the polls in the

BANYAN-TREE POSTER IN JAVA



country's first national elections in 16 years, a majority of them probably punched the sign of the banyan tree on the ballot. Exactly how many will not be known until mid-August, when President Suharto will announce the results. But since the government had already reserved the right to appoint 100 members of the 460-member House of Representatives, there is little doubt that the military regime will obtain a clear majority in Parliament and thus be able to re-elect the quiet Javanese general as President in 1973.

Measure of Legitimacy. The election was a costly (\$55 million) move designed to give the regime, which took power from the late President Sukarno in 1965, a measure of legitimacy. The government took no chances. Before the election it forbade criticism of President Suharto or the government's program. The nine opposition parties were allowed to hold village rallies, but there were widespread charges of intimidation. In some provinces, army commanders prevented political rallies by scheduling military drills at the same time. The government also weeded out 2,500 unacceptable candidates and arrested many others.

Both the U.S. and the Soviet Union also had a hand in trying to influence the elections. In the late '50s and early '60s, Moscow gave Indonesia an estimated \$1 billion worth of military equipment only to see the army turn the weapons against the Communists in a massacre that claimed perhaps 300,000 lives in 1965. Since then, Soviet influence has been extremely muted. Russian efforts were confined to good-will visits to Nationalist Party candidates and broadcasts denouncing the Suharto regime over Radio Moscow's Indonesian-language station. Washington's influence was more direct: \$18 million worth of military aid, including M-16 rifles, machine guns, aircraft and \$500,000 worth of sophisticated communications gear to link Indonesian military commanders around the country.

Far from Perfect. For a nation that has been torn in recent decades by bloody internal strife, the pre-election mood was surprisingly calm. Life under Suharto's "new order" is far from perfect, but markedly better than in Sukarno's days. Inflation has been curbed from an annual rate of 635% to less than 10%. Suharto's economists have balanced the budget and won the confidence of private investors. After several setbacks, the country last year achieved a record rice harvest. The biggest sore point in a land where the per capita income is only about \$80 is the relative affluence enjoyed by the military since coming to power. "If you use American standards, Indonesia is not democratic," conceded a leading politician last week. "The army is now the only decisive factor in Indonesian politics. Later, perhaps in 25 years when we have a sound economic life, we can afford to return to real democracy."

ITALY

Undoing the Gordian Knot

"For whoever divorces in Italy," says Mario Gutierrez, a prominent Rome matrimonial lawyer, "love has been over for a long time." Take the case of Angiola Gattorochieri. Married in 1907, she and her two sons were left behind eight years later when her husband took off for Argentina, never to be heard from again. She spent 56 years as one of Italy's "white widows"—women whose husbands have emigrated and left them behind, still legally and indissolubly married. Last week Signora Gattorochieri, now 103 years old, became the oldest person to obtain a de-

diologist. A number of them, he says, have been separated so many years they no longer recognize their abandoned mates when they meet in court.

For all that, the battle over the law is far from over. Last week the *divorzysti* won an important legal test when Italy's Constitutional Court upheld the law. The specific issue, raised in an appeal by a Siena tribunal, was whether church marriages can be dissolved by a civil court. The court held that they could. This left popular referendum as the only recourse left for Italy's vocal anti-*divorzysti* to quash the divorce law. They had already anticipated that move the week before in submitting 1,370,134 signatures—nearly three



DIVORCEE SPAAK



ANTI-DIVORZISTI DEMONSTRATING IN ROME

When love has long been over.

creed since divorce became legal in Italy last December.

Despite the fears of the law's opponents, the expected avalanche of divorce petitions has not materialized. Costs are high (anywhere from \$350 to \$1,000), grounds for divorce are limited, and court procedures ponderous. Some judges have been accused of deliberately stalling cases, and some parish priests have been taking unconscionably long in furnishing documents to would-be divorcees, making it impossible for them to untie the knot. Aside from a few celebrities such as Vittorio De Sica, Maria Callas and Catherine Spaak, those who do go through the struggle in the courts are usually middle-class people anxious to legalize long-term liaisons and second families. "Divorce is neither easy nor a bourgeois luxury," says a lawyer. Judge Marcello Tondo reports that some litigants have appeared in court in wheelchairs and on stretchers, sometimes with an attendant car-

times the number required—petitioning for a referendum to abrogate the law.

Though the Vatican officially kept hands off the highly successful referendum campaign, Rome's conservative *Il Messaggero* charged the Vatican with interference nonetheless. Said *La Stampa*'s Carlo Casalegno: "The anti-*divorzysti* were able to lean on the church structure, hundreds of dioceses, thousands of religious institutions, and tens of thousands of parishes from Bolzano to Siracusa, in organizing the collection of signatures." Thus, when the referendum takes place, probably next spring, it may emerge as a test of the political power of the church. Right now the church enjoys a slight advantage; a recent poll showed 49.3% against the divorce law, 42.2% for it. Caught in the middle for another agonizing year, meanwhile, are thousands of people who are trying to right old wrongs, give illegitimate children a name, and reconstruct their lives and families.



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FRANCE

Folding the Parasols of Paris

Emile Zola described Les Halles as "the belly of Paris," and nobody ever coined a better phrase for the sprawling wholesale market on the Right Bank where for 800 years have flowed the meat, fowl, vegetables, dairy products, herbs, roots, fish, cheese and even flowers necessary to sustain a city of gourmets. Sadly, Paris inevitably outgrew its inefficient and costly belly; two years ago, most operations were moved to a shiny new complex at Rungis near Orly Airport. That move left the problem of what to do with a dozen huge cast-iron-and-glass pavilions that made up the heart of the market and dated back a century to the Second Empire.

Last week, after a ten-hour debate that

ended at 2 a.m., the Paris city council finally voted for a renovation program that will mean the destruction of the graceful pavilions, along with adjacent shops and warehouses; all together, 40 valuable acres between the Louvre and the ancient, aristocratic Marais district are scheduled for "renewal." In other days, politicians working so late and so earnestly would have restored themselves at one of the inestimable restaurants on the edge of Les Halles with onion soup and a glass of wine.

More Than a Market. In the earlier battle of Les Halles, leading up to the 1969 *démarche* to Rungis, disagreement centered on a social tradition. Les Halles, after all, had become far more than a market. From midnight to dawn it was the heart of Paris as well as the belly, as farmers trundled in with their boun-

ty, chefs and grocers arrived to buy it, and prostitutes and pickpockets merged for different kinds of commerce. Such restaurants as Au Pied de Cochon, Le Père Tranquille and Au Chien Qui Fume lured socialites in white ties as well as butchers in blood-spattered white smocks, often as the sun was rising. Left Bank intellectuals, statesmen, artists and American expatriates like Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald were all habitués of Les Halles' all-night eating places.

The current battle over destruction of the pavilions involved aesthetics rather than traditions. This time the conservationists were interested in saving what they consider to be the city's prime example of exquisite early ironwork. Les Halles were designed by Architect Victor Baltard, working with Baron Georges Eugène Haussmann, the city planner who created much of modern Paris. Baltard's first pavilion, shaped in stone, was so gross that Napoleon III personally ordered it torn down. The Emperor told Haussmann: "I want big umbrellas. Nothing more." The baron told Baltard to try iron, and this time he caught the spirit. The grace of what marketmen ever afterward called their "parasols" has enchanted generations of Frenchmen.

Center of Culture. Beyond the architectural controversy, there was another facet to the debate. When the fishmongers and vegetable sellers moved out of Les Halles, artists and entrepreneurs moved in, offering everything from avant-garde theater and Marxist book shows to pop concerts, films, art exhibits, puppet shows and flea markets. The fish pavilion has become, of all things, a roller rink. In all, 2,000,000 people have visited the transformed market.

But a majority of the city councilors,

BY 1975, nine years ahead of Orwellian projections, every West German citizen may be officially known to his government by a twelve-digit number. The government has sent the Bundestag (upper house of parliament) a proposal that would identify each person by six digits indicating his birth date, a seventh his sex and the century of his birth, the next four to distinguish him from others born on the same day, and the last a "control" number—which would make Chancellor Willy Brandt Number 181213 3 1234 5 or something very close to that. The number will follow a person from birth until 30 years after his death when, presumably, he would be expunged from the computers.

The government explains the move on the grounds that its voluminous registration system is being computerized. It also hopes to eliminate the confusing snarls that sometimes arise in a country where many people have the same

Just Call Him
181213 3 1234 5



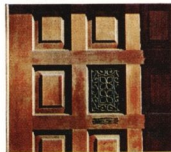
GOETHE & SCHILLER BY THE NUMBERS

surname (there are 600,000 Müllers alone in West Germany). Israel and the Scandinavian countries already have such systems, and a number of others, including Japan, are preparing to follow suit.

As most Germans seem to see it, bureaucratization is already so pervasive that the new system could not be any worse. "We are already overnumbered," wrote Munich's respectable *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, "and who would have objections to a simplification of the system?" As it is, anyone moving from one city to another in West Germany must fill out an 18-inch-long questionnaire, in triplicate, first to register and then again to reregister. But not everyone is pleased with the name-to-number switch. In an opinion poll about the change, 31% protested. "I have been a number long enough as a soldier and a prisoner of war," said a retired policeman. "I want to keep my name."



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mainly Gauls, disliked the new marketeers, who were mostly young, mostly intellectual and mostly left-wing. Besides, the council already had plans for the area. By 1978 the site will be filled with modern monoliths—a more formal cultural center, a trade center, a hotel, and a Métro station, at an estimated cost of \$80 million. One-quarter of the acreage will become a park to set off 16th century St-Eustache, scene of Molière's baptism and Mirabeau's funeral (when the church was temporarily a revolutionary "temple of agriculture") and where butchers once hung sides of mutton along the exterior wall. President Georges Pompidou will undoubtedly approve the council decision. A museum of contemporary art planned for the renewed area happens to be a pet Pompidou project.

Bulldozing Begins. The councilmen's *raison* was that a growing city like Paris must find workable compromises between nostalgia and practicality. But the conservationists had a particularly strong point. Already the quais along the Seine are disappearing behind riverfront expressways; part of the Tuileries Gardens are to be dug up for an underground telephone exchange; and the skyline of Montparnasse has been scarred by high-rises. Next week, the bulldozing of Les Halles is scheduled to begin, and the city intends to keep riot police on guard to prevent squatters from impeding the wreckers. Unless there is an unforeseen reprieve, Paris will sacrifice another of its 19th century accomplishments for 20th century expedience.

TURKEY

The Ultimate Concession

For more than 400 years, some of the world's best opium poppies have been grown in Turkey. The Turks use the seed for cooking oil and food seasoning, the stalk for fuel and animal fodder. From the pod they extract raw opium for the making of medicinal morphine. Currently, the poppy provides the main source of income for 80,000 farmers and earns Turkey about \$5,000,000 per year in foreign exchange.

Out of a crop of 150 tons of poppies produced per year, however, only about 60 tons reach legal collection stations. Practically none of the crop is used for domestic narcotics production; the Turks themselves have never had an addiction problem of any consequence. Instead, some 90 tons of poppies are exported illegally, in the form of opium gum, primarily to Marseille. There, well-financed hoodlums—many of them Corsicans—supervise its refinement into morphine base and heroin for shipment to the U.S. Of all the heroin currently reaching the U.S. with disastrous effects, 80% is believed to originate in Turkey.

Under pressure from the U.S. over the past several years, the Turks have reduced the number of provinces where

poppies can legally be grown from 21 to four. They have also established a system of inspection stations which, by the end of this year, is scheduled to number 53 offices manned by 500 agents. Last week the Ankara government made the ultimate concession: it agreed to abolish poppy production completely by the middle of 1972. "It is," said one U.S. diplomat, "like banning corn production in Iowa."

Mindful of the political risk the Turkish government was taking, the U.S. promised to increase its aid and technical assistance to help Turkey convert from poppy growing to other farm products. President Nixon made a special point of appearing before TV cameras with the Turkish Ambassador to Washington and praising Turkey's Premier Nihat Erim for his "courageous, statesmanlike action." Secretary of State William Rogers told *TIME* Correspondent William Mader: "The decision may create difficult domestic problems for Turkey, but it was taken in the interest of the international community. When we in the U.S. have so many teen-agers dying of heroin addiction in our cities, we particularly appreciate Turkey's action, and we hope that other nations involved [in opium production] will show the same sense of international responsibility."

The Turkish decision may well prove to be the most important step yet taken in controlling the import of heroin into the U.S. But its lasting effectiveness will depend on the ability of the U.S. to persuade the other major opium producers—notably Burma, Thailand, Laos and Afghanistan—to take similar action.

FOREIGN AID

The Politics of Leverage

U.S. foreign aid, occasionally high-principled and altruistic, most of the time is used as a way of exerting diplomatic leverage. As such, its rationale can be precarious. Two recent examples:

► After the assassination last month of a Chilean opposition leader, former Vice President Edmundo Pérez Zujovic, the killers were identified as members of the extreme leftist Organized Vanguard of the People. But Communist and Socialist politicians, as well as several pro-government newspapers, accused the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency of being behind the murder. Defense Minister Alejandro Ríos Valdívila did not specifically blame the CIA, but he told the Chilean Senate that "hidden interests far beyond our borders . . . who are being harmed through revolutionary changes" were the real culprits. The Marxist government of Salvador Allende Gossens, while staunchly maintaining that it had never accused the U.S. of wrongdoing, refused to exonerate the CIA, and the charge stuck in the public mind.

The Nixon Administration is aware that such an incident could cause further damage to an already fragile relationship. It is also mindful that negotiations will soon be held to deter-

mine the value of U.S. copper properties that are to be nationalized by the Chilean government. Accordingly, Washington has adopted a stance of calculated ambiguity toward Chile. Last week the Administration decided to grant Santiago \$5,000,000 in credits for the purchase of paratroop equipment and a \$4,000,000 C-130 military transport. It was the first new military aid since the Allende government came to power last October.

► The Pakistan army's crackdown on East Pakistan last spring has resulted in the deaths of as many as 200,000 Bengalis. Another 6,000,000 have fled across the border, saddling India with a massive refugee problem.

The World Bank, as well as most of



ALLENDE RIDING IN TANK
A calculated ambiguity.

the Western aid-giving nations, has concluded that economic aid to Pakistan should be suspended until the government of President Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan takes significant steps toward easing its repression of the East. Last week, however, the Nixon Administration admitted that its economic aid to Pakistan, which amounted to \$213 million last year, will continue. Even military aid, which theoretically was cut off when the terror began in East Pakistan on March 25, will not be suspended for equipment ordered before that date.

The U.S. has a dual motive: maintaining leverage with Yahya to seek a settlement in East Pakistan, and preventing Islamabad from becoming even more reliant on Peking than it already is for military assistance. Though Yahya promised last week that he would convene a "legislature" within four months, the conflict in East Pakistan is continuing, and there is no sign that leverage is producing the desired result.

PEOPLE

Two months ago Jazz King Louis ("Satchmo") **Armstrong** was gravely ill in a Manhattan hospital, fighting an apparently losing battle for his life. Now the gravel-throated singer and trumpeter has told newsmen: "My playing and singing's O.K. and I feel pretty good." To prove it, he took up his trumpet, blasted into *What a Wonderful World*, and announced he planned to go back to work. Said Satchmo: "That's what life's all about, man."

Slowed down by a dilatory auto ahead of him on an English highway, former Racing Ace **Stirling Moss** stepped on the gas and passed the slowpoke. Unfortunately, the leisurely motorist turned out to be an off-duty policeman, who charged Moss with crossing a double white line. Haled into court, one of the world's most famous drivers had his license taken away. "Terribly unfair," grumbled Moss, who had to be chauffeured home by his attorney. "At the moment I'm riding a bicycle and it's bloody awful."

In the Dominican Republic to file for a quickie divorce from **Barbra Streisand**, Actor **Elliott Gould**, 32, walked hand in hand from the courtroom with pregnant **Jenny Bogart**, 19. Gould announced that he was the father of her baby, due to be born "around Christmas." Furthermore, Jenny announced defiantly, she and Elliott will continue to live together out of wedlock because "we don't believe in marriage."

In Rome, a city that takes its singing seriously, the uproar was reminiscent of the time **Maria Callas** failed to complete a performance of Bellini's *Norma*. This time it was **Aretha Franklin**, who had been touring the country while the Italians hailed her as *La Regina del Soul*. After fainting at the end of a performance, Aretha canceled her next day's show, a move that produced outraged howls and legal action from Promoter **Ezio Radaelli**, who had paid her \$65,000 in advance. Aretha responded by booking a flight to Paris. But she was picked up by forewarned policemen at Rome's Fiumicino Airport, hustled away, searched, and—after promising to return \$40,000 to Promoter Radaelli—finally allowed to board a plane for New York. "I'll come back for you," she shouted to fans cheering from the terminal terrace. Her famed vocal cords sounded as strong as ever.

After her firebrand activities on behalf of Northern Ireland's Catholic minority, **Bernadette Devlin**, 23, the youngest member of the British House of Commons, would hardly seem to need more publicity. Yet last week Bernadette, who is unmarried, went out of her way to disclose to the press that she expects a baby in the fall. She refused to name the fa-



SATCHMO IN COMEBACK



ELLIOTT & JENNY IN LOVE



ARETHA IN CUSTODY

ther. "I do not expect it to be easy," she admitted, "some people might want to see me hide and sulk. Others might feel that they were owed some explanation. But my morals," she insisted, "are a private matter."

For years she had seemed unable to avoid the glare of publicity. Thus it came as a surprise when word leaked that Tobacco Heiress **Doris Duke**, 58, has for two years sung as a chorister in an almost all-black gospel choir in Nutley, New Jersey's First Baptist Church. Along with the other 100 members of the Angelic Choir, Doris goes to Friday-night choir practice, tours along with the gospellers, and occasionally invites them all up to her 2,500-acre estate in Somerville. "We know Doris is a millionaire," said Pastor Lawrence Roberts. "But all those who walk in the ways of the Lord are millionaires."

Conspiracies are the specialty of New Orleans District Attorney **Jim Garrison**. And his reputation was firmly established during his two-year prosecution of Businessman **Clay Shaw** on a charge of conspiring to assassinate President **John F. Kennedy**. Now U.S. Attorney General **John Mitchell** has charged Garrison with indulging in some conspiring of his own: accepting bribes to protect illegal pinball machines. After allegedly receiving the latest installment of \$1,000 in marked \$50 bills, Garrison was arrested, fingerprinted, and released on \$5,000 bond. "I've never accepted a dollar in my life," he snapped.

His life in the South was hard and the treatment he received at the University of Mississippi, where he was the first known Negro student, was something less than cordial. So it seems strange that **James Meredith** should want to go back. But after spending six troubled years in New York City, where he lost \$20,000 as a landlord, and was sentenced to two days in jail for harassing his tenants, Meredith has abandoned the North to return to Jackson, Miss., where he will campaign to obtain more economic power for blacks. "The South," Meredith announced, "is a more livable place for blacks than any other place in the nation."

"He loves antiques and I think that's why he fell for me," rumbled British Actress **Hermione Gingold**, announcing that romance—and perhaps even the prospect of marriage—has entered her 73-year-old life. Her fiancé, **Beaudoin Mills**, whom the actress described as tall, thin, handsome "and younger than me," is an English antique dealer. "You know all those stories about old men marrying young girls," Hermione noted. "Well, I'm striking a blow for Women's Lib by reversing that." What effect would the engagement have on her? "Almost none, except that it feels nice. And I suppose you could say I'm not in the marriage market any longer."

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EDUCATION

Untangling Parochial Schools

The nation's Catholic parochial schools have been closing during the past five years at an average rate of one per day, economic victims of inflation and a declining supply of nuns and priests available to teach for low salaries. Strangely enough, the schools' plight has converted many traditional opponents of state aid for church schools into devout advocates. The reasons have nothing to do with religious persuasion, but only with hard economic fact. The parochial schools once educated as many as 6,000,000 children, about 11% of the nation's school-age students, at comparatively little cost to the taxpayer. But the recent closing of nearly 2,000 parochial schools has thrown some 1,200,000 parochial pupils into the already overburdened public system, and if the trend continues, many of the remaining 4,400,000 may follow.

One result has been a spate of new state laws providing financial aid to pa-

rochial schools—among the most comprehensive those of Rhode Island and Pennsylvania. As one Pennsylvania legislator explained: "It costs us \$850 to educate a child in the public schools, but we could keep a child in the [Catholic] schools for only \$37 a year in state aid." But the new measures—tediously dubbed "parochiaid"—have raised a troublesome question. Do they purchase parochial school survival at the price of violating the First Amendment's command to make "no law respecting an establishment of religion"?

Three Pence. James Madison, who drafted the First Amendment, had no doubt about his intent. It was to strike down any support out of the public purse to any religious institution. Referring to the three penny tax on tea that precipitated the American Revolution, he argued: "Who does not see that the same authority, which can force a citizen to contribute three pence only of his property for the support of any one establishment, may force him to conform to any other establishment in all cases whatsoever?"

Last week the Supreme Court vigorously reasserted the U.S.'s historic barrier between church and state. By a resounding eight-man majority, it declared unconstitutional the ambitious aid programs of both Pennsylvania and Rhode Island. The decision (*Lemon v. Kurtzman*) struck many legal observers as a sign that a number of other current aid schemes would come in for close scrutiny. In its probable impact on schools, *Lemon* is likely to be surpassed only by the court's historic decisions on racial desegregation. It seemed certain to accelerate the end of the comprehensive parochial school as millions of U.S. Catholics have known it.

Principle v. Present. The decision put the court in opposition to a large body of popular opinion, setting constitutional principles against the urgencies of the moment. President Nixon endorsed parochiaid a year ago, when he warned Congress that if most non-

public schools closed, by the end of the 1970s public schools would have to increase their present \$30 billion annual expenses by \$4 billion and come up with an additional \$5 billion for new facilities. Deserting the traditional conservative Protestant position, Evangelist Billy Graham urged Government aid to unsegregated "religious-oriented" schools to help counterbalance the "materialistic, atheistic teaching" in public ones. Some Jewish groups adopted similar stands. Opposition came chiefly from the National Education Association, the nation's largest professional teachers' organization. Fearful for their jobs and salaries, the teachers argued that the cost of absorbing parochial-school students would be far less than the amount of state money that parochiaid would eventually drain from public schools.

Labs and Gyms. Proponents of parochiaid were further encouraged however, by Supreme Court decisions over the past 24 years that sometimes suggested the constitutional question was not whether Government should help, but how. In the 1947 *Everson* case, the court decided that states could reimburse parents for the cost of sending their children to parochial school by bus (24 states now do so). In 1968, in *Board of Education v. Allen*, the court upheld a New York plan for lending textbooks on secular topics to parochial schools. Religious schools serve a double purpose, the court said, furthering the public's need for educated citizens as well as religious ends. State aid is permissible as long as its "primary effect" is not to "advance" religion but merely to help all children benefit equally from state programs. Other decisions have held that states can provide school lunches and public-health programs.

In a separate case involving religious colleges, last week the court once again approved aid for such secular purposes. In a 5-to-4 decision, it upheld a 1963 federal law backed by President John F. Kennedy that included the nation's church-related colleges in a program of grants and loans for building such campus facilities as laboratories, libraries and gyms. Yet the court reached quite another conclusion on plans aiding elementary and secondary schools.

The three-year-old Pennsylvania plan was the forerunner of similar schemes in Connecticut, Ohio, New Jersey and Louisiana and is under consideration in nine other states. It used cigarette-tax revenues to reimburse nonpublic schools (most of them Roman Catholic) for the costs of teachers' salaries and textbooks in the secular subjects of math, physical sciences, modern languages and physical education. The Rhode Island arrangement paid up to 15% salary supplements to teachers in similar fields.

Seven Years. The difference between this and the federal aid program for colleges, Chief Justice Burger's opinion reasoned, lies in the court's belief that parochial schoolteachers are less likely than professors at religious colleges to

NUN TEACHING MATH IN OHIO



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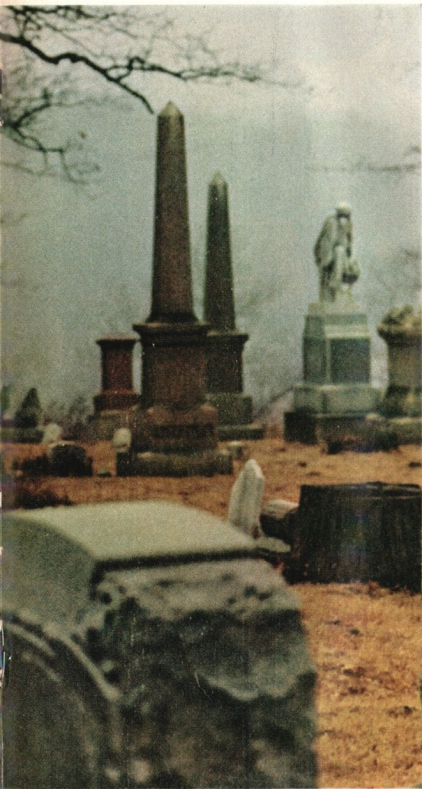
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keep religion out of their secular courses. ("Give me a child for the first seven years," says a Jesuit maxim, "and you may do what you like with him afterwards.") Even with the best of intentions, a dedicated layman "teaching in a school affiliated with his or her faith and operated to inculcate its tenets, will inevitably experience great difficulty in remaining religiously neutral." Moreover, Burger argued, schools have fewer built-in counterweights to inadvertent indoctrination. Among other things, "impressionable" school-age pupils are less likely than college students to challenge their instructors.

The policing needed to forestall blatant proselytizing also raised the possibility that the Government might interfere with a school's right to exercise its religion freely. This led Burger to apply an additional test that he first expressed in the court's decision a year ago upholding tax exemptions for church property. In *Walz v. Tax Commission of the City of New York*, Burger argued that the process of assessing and taxing church-owned property would create an "excessive entanglement" between state and church. Supervisors who monitor teachers in the Pennsylvania and Rhode Island plans might sufficiently restrain pedagogues from advancing religion to meet the *Allen* test. But ironically, such checks would violate the *Walz* test by producing "the sort of entanglement that the Constitution forbids"—in this case "dangers of excessive Government direction." The plans would also inevitably cause excessive politicking by churches, since each year state legislatures would have to vote new appropriations. "Political division along religious lines was one of the principal evils against which the First Amendment was intended to protect."

Troublesome Standard? With some pain, Burger conceded that the "line of [church-state] separation, far from being a 'wall,' is a blurred, indistinct and variable barrier." His reasoning was too blurred for Justices William O. Douglas, Hugo Black, Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan, who dissented in the college-aid decision. None of them could see why Government support of secular services should be more entangling in schools than colleges. All thought that the court should have banned aid to colleges too; Justice Byron White, the lone supporter of school-level aid, argued that if colleges meet the *Allen* and *Walz* tests, schools do also. Their disagreements lead some legal experts to wonder whether the court's "entanglement" standards might prove as troublesome to interpret as its various definitions of obscenity.

Litigation on parochialism is likely to go on for several years. But lawyers are fairly sure that *Lemon's* broad principles, plus the anti-aid line-up reflected by the court's near unanimity, will eventually require a drastic rearrangement of Catholic education. For one thing, tuitions will have to go up, and poorer parents will simply be unable to afford the

higher fees. In Philadelphia, for instance, the loss of the archdiocese's \$19 million in aid under the state program will force the price of a year's tuition at parochial high schools close to \$400, up from \$130; in Brooklyn, the fee is already \$700.

Some Catholics on both left and right are not especially disturbed by restrictions on public aid. They are already unhappy with parochial schools. Conservatives feel the schools are not Catholic enough, liberals that they are too traditionally Catholic. Moreover, the restrictions give ammunition to Catholic educators who would like to see the church get out of secular education altogether and concentrate on quality religious instruction. Indeed, many parochial schools ultimately may subside into a variety of Sunday schools, akin to those of Protestant churches. But many other Catholic spokesmen are not yet willing to concede defeat. They plan

periods or a half-day each week. There, publicly paid teachers instruct the kids in industrial arts, home economics, physical education and music, and more recently in math, science and foreign languages as well. Communities like Louisville, Ky., and Pittsfield, Mass., send the public teachers directly into parochial-school buildings.

Doing Right. Shared time has yet to be tested in the Supreme Court. The court has approved "released time," however, a more modest version involving no public money. Under such plans, children get time off from public school to attend religious classes. Although many "Sunday" schools are boring and poorly attended, they need not be. Since Bennington, Vt., closed its Catholic high school in 1967, an ecumenical group of clergymen has used a special center to offer high school level, religiously oriented courses on such topics as "How Do I Know I'm



ANTI-PAROCIALIA CARTOON BY THOMAS NAST (1871)
Subsiding into a variety of "Sunday" schools.

to shift their efforts to support of other parochial formulas that are still largely untested in the courts.

Perhaps the most promising approach now gathering force is the so-called "voucher" plan. It would give parents certificates or vouchers good for a portion of the cost of educating their children. They could then cash in their tickets at any school that does not practice racial segregation. A law recently enacted in Maryland provides "scholarships" ranging up to \$200 a year for a child from a poor family; Minnesota has passed a similar law. Embraced by groups ranging from free-enterprise conservatives to parents with kids in far-out private "free" schools, vouchers might be found constitutional since, like bus fares and textbooks, they would directly benefit individual children, not church school systems.

Another possibility is the 50-year-old arrangement of "shared time" or "dual enrollment." In eight states, parochial schools cut their costs by letting their students enroll in public schools for several

Doing Right?" and "Biblical Ideas." Under released time, students can take these courses as electives in the high school curriculum.

Whatever demands stringent church-state separation may impose on public schools, enhanced religious education and ecumenical programs like that in Bennington could be a sign that for Catholics, hard times can have their uses. Writing in the Jesuit magazine *America*, some weeks before the court decision, University of Chicago Education Professor Donald A. Erickson concluded that "the crisis in Catholic schools could prove redemptive. Historic reforms are seldom achieved when the sky is blue and the devil is silent in his cell."

Just which reforms, among the several proposed, might be redemptive is not yet clear. For the immediate future, times will indeed be hard for the Catholic schools and the Catholic community that supports them. Insofar as they fail and turn their pupils over to the public schools, the ordinary taxpayer can expect to see his taxes go up and up.



COSMONAUTS PATSAYEV, VOLKOV & DOBROVOLSKY LYING IN STATE IN MOSCOW

Triumph and Tragedy of Soyuz 11

AS the heat-scarred spacecraft settled to a soft, parachute landing on the steppes of Soviet Kazakhstan, a recovery helicopter was ready and waiting to touch down right alongside. Members of the recovery team raced to the apparently undamaged Soyuz 11, unfastened the hatch and swung it open to assist Cosmonauts Georgy Dobrovolsky, Vladislav Volkov and Viktor Patsayev. Still strapped in their seats, the cosmonauts did not respond. All three were dead. Russia's triumphant space mission, which had set new records for man's endurance in space, assembled the first manned space station and added new luster to Soviet technology, had suddenly ended in tragedy.

In Russia, where cosmonauts are firmly established as 20th century folk heroes, the entire nation mourned. Choked with grief, Poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko told a television interviewer that "the price they had to pay was not fair." Sombre music echoed from radios, and pictures of the cosmonauts, draped in black, were shown on television. Led by Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, Soviet leaders sent condolences to the families of the three dead men, all of whom were married and had children. Final tributes came during a day of national mourning that coincided with the state funeral and burial of the cosmonauts—all of them now Heroes of the Soviet Union—in a place of honor in the Kremlin wall. They were placed near the remains of Yuri Gagarin, the first man in space, who was killed in a plane crash three years ago.

Birthday Celebration

President Nixon, mourning the death of the Russian spacemen, said that they had contributed greatly to "the widening of man's horizons." Pope Paul interrupted an audience to announce the

sad news. In Geneva, officials postponed the dedication of a gleaming titanium space monument that had been donated by Russia to the Palais des Nations. There was particular gloom in the U.S. space community, especially among the astronauts. Beyond their sorrow for the dead cosmonauts, they felt that the accident—coming as it did on the eve of the Apollo 15 moon shot—might well diminish public enthusiasm for manned space travel.

Ominous Development

For all its tragic end, the mission that resulted in the first human deaths in space* had recorded a series of major achievements. For nearly 24 days, the three cosmonauts had whirled around the earth in their huge, 17-ton Salyut space station performing scientific experiments, bantering with mission control, and even celebrating a birthday in orbit. On board both the Salyut and the attached Soyuz shuttle craft, all systems seemed to function flawlessly. Thus last week, when the cosmonauts were ordered to transfer to Soyuz and return to earth, there was little cause for apprehension.

The mission commander, Lieut. Colonel Dobrovolsky, 43, reported that the undocking from the larger ship was uneventful. Then, after orienting their ship at the proper angle the cosmonauts fired Soyuz's main rocket to slow the ship down, drop it out of orbit and send it back into the earth's atmosphere. The rocket functioned perfectly. At the end

of the burn, however, there was an ominous development. Long minutes before the radio blackout that always occurs as a returning spacecraft is enveloped by hot, ionized gases, Soyuz 11 unexpectedly lapsed into silence.

Otherwise, the descent seemed to be continuing normally. "After aerodynamic braking in the atmosphere," reported Tass, "the parachute system was put into action and, before landing, the soft-landing engines were fired. The flight of the descending apparatus ended in a smooth landing in the preset area." These operations, however, were automatic; they did not require cooperation from the crew. Western experts speculated that whatever went wrong with Soyuz 11 occurred either during or soon after the firing of its retrorocket.

Through telemetry from the spacecraft, the Russians may well have detected a failure aboard Soyuz—or even the moment of death. But except to say that the cosmonauts' deaths were being investigated by a government commission, Soviet space officials gave no explanation of the disaster.

Penguin Suits

The record length of the Soyuz 11 mission—six days longer than any previous manned space flight—led to the theorizing that the cosmonauts had exceeded man's natural limits in space. The Russians themselves had invited such speculation by repeatedly stressing the debilitating effects of weightlessness on the human body: loss of body fluids, loss of calcium from the bones, loss of heart and muscle tone. Cosmonauts Andrian Nikolayev and Vitaly Sevastyanov, for example, complained that they did not fully recover from their 17-day orbital mission aboard Soyuz 9 last year for more than a week.

Medical experts conceded that weightlessness could have played a part in the deaths, but they had doubts that the hearts of three men with different

* Cosmonaut Vladimir Komarov died in 1967 when Soyuz 1 crashed to earth after its descent-parachute shrouds tangled at the end of a 17-orbit mission. Only three months earlier, Astronauts Gus Grissom, Edward White and Roger Chaffee were killed when a flash fire engulfed their Apollo 1 spacecraft during a simulated launch at Cape Kennedy.

physiologies would fail simultaneously. They also pointed out that at no time during the long mission did the cosmonauts complain of any harsh reaction to zero gravity. In fact, they had spent long hours on board in their so-called "Penguin" exercise suits—tight, elastic garments designed to exert muscle-toning pressure on the body. Besides, the experience of America's astronauts seemed to demonstrate that the human body can readjust after prolonged weightlessness.

Mechanical Failure

NASA's Deputy Director George Low and most other space specialists leaned to a far simpler explanation for the deaths: a mechanical or structural failure aboard Soyuz. Because the cosmonauts were not in protective pressure suits at the time of the descent, they could have died from any number of causes—excessive heat, carbon dioxide fumes from a small fire, a nitrogen leak from the spacecraft's atmosphere system, or even a rapid drop in cabin pressure. Such theories got support from some unconfirmed reports that all radio transmissions—not only voice but also telemetry signals—stopped at the end of the braking maneuver. In fact, most speculation centered on a failure in the oxygen supply. That was based largely on the Moscow rumor that the recovery team had noted serene expressions on the faces of the cosmonauts. Such apparent composure is characteristic of hypoxia, a lack of oxygen that can lead to quick and relatively painless death.

Clearly, Soviet officials had already determined the cause of death. No lengthy autopsies were performed, and only a day after the accident the cosmonauts' bodies were publicly displayed in Moscow's Central Army Hall. (One puzzle: a heavy bruise was observed on the right side of Patsayev's face.) Why, then, were the Soviets so secretive about the cause of the deaths? Westerners could only guess that Soviet space officials were being cautious, determined to be absolutely certain about what went wrong before announcing the results of their investigation.

At week's end London's *Evening News* reported that Russian scientists attending the state funeral had blamed the tragedy on the cosmonauts' failure "to seal the hatch of their spacecraft properly." The *Evening News*'s Moscow correspondent, Victor Louis (a Soviet citizen often suspected of being a Russian agent), wrote that "human error and mechanical failure between them caused creeping depressurization in the spacemen's nine-foot cabin and deprived the astronauts of life-supporting oxygen on the final phase of their journey." During the turbulent re-entry of Soyuz, Louis said, the spacecraft's hatchway opened enough so that the oxygen supply escaped into space.

Why did the cosmonauts—or the ground controllers—fail to notice the



SOVIET LEADERS AT FUNERAL*
The price was not fair.

opened hatch in time? "The Soyuz hatchway is not unlike a car door," Louis explained. "When the hatch is open, a signal light goes on on a console at mission control. But the light will go out when the hatch is half closed, as with a half-slammed car door."

The calamity came at a time when the Russians seemed to be overtaking the U.S. in space—a remarkable comeback after they abandoned the race to land the first man on the moon. Still, the comeback was not entirely without its price. After the crash that killed Cosmonaut Komarov, the Soyuz spacecraft made no manned flights for 18 months while its faulty systems were overhauled. Although three manned Soyuz ships were fired off in rapid succession in 1969, the Soviets failed to make good on hints that the ships would dock and set up a rudimentary space station. In April, the Soviets followed up the orbiting of their unmanned Salyut space lab with the launch of Soyuz 10, but it took the three men aboard the smaller ship more than 24 hours to rendezvous and dock with the station. When the hookup was finally made, undisclosed problems forced them to back off and return abruptly to earth.

A Vote from Space

In contrast, the follow-up flight of Soyuz 11 was trouble-free from the start. Using improved docking techniques, it easily attached itself to the awkward-looking, tubular-shaped space lab. Upon entering Salyut's trailer-sized interior, Dobrovolsky cheerfully announced: "This place is tremendous. There seems to be no end to it." Through most of the mission, the cosmonauts remained in remarkably good humor. While a TV camera recorded their activities, they performed exercises, engaged in numerous scientific experiments and even cast the first votes from

space—affirming their support of the Communist Party's policies.

In fact, filmed excerpts of the broadcasts from space became favorite fare on Moscow television. Volkov, the only member of the crew who had previously made a space trip (aboard Soyuz 7, in 1969), was an idol of teen-age Russian girls because of his rugged good looks. Russian TV viewers also watched an impromptu birthday party staged for Patsayev, who turned 38 during the flight. Instead of pouring the customary vodka, his comrades toasted him with tubes of prune paste. Yet as the mission continued uneventfully day after day—first past the American endurance mark of 13 days set by Gemini 7 in 1965, then past the Soviets' own record of nearly 18 days established by Soyuz 9 last year—the initial excitement turned into boredom.

Foreshortened Mission

Finally, after nearly 24 days the cosmonauts climbed back into Soyuz, taking the films, logbooks and other scientific data accumulated in three weeks aloft. Typically, Russian space officials made no prior announcement of the flight's impending end. On the contrary, there had been hints all along that the cosmonauts might stay in orbit as long as a month. If there were reasons to foreshorten the mission, however, they were apparently not medical. Only a few days before, Soviet doctors had reported that except for slight fatigue, the trio were in exceptionally good health. Thus, when disaster struck, it was totally unexpected. "None of us had doubted the successful outcome of the venture," said a saddened Moscow engineer.

Despite the shock, the very announcement of the cosmonauts' deaths pointedly emphasized their contributions to man's knowledge. And it promised a continuation of Russian efforts in space. Said the official Communist Party newspaper, *Pravda*: "We know that after this grievous loss, the difficult and dangerous struggle against nature will be continued with the same firmness and consistency. The Soviet people are used to struggle and do not retreat in the face of obstacles."

GRIEVING RUSSIANS PASS COFFINS OF COSMONAUTS



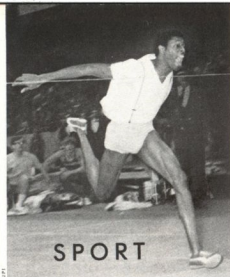
* From left: Kirilenko, Podgorny, Kosygin, Brezhnev.



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MERIWETHER WINNING . . .



. . . WORKING

The Dr. Meriwether Saga

Baltimore, July 1970. Dr. Delano Meriwether, a 27-year-old hematologist, is stretched out on his bed watching a telecast of a track meet between the U.S. and France. He stares intently at the 100-meter dash, turns to his wife Myrtle and says, "Hey, I think I can beat those guys." Myrtle nods and mutters, "Sure, honey."

Eugene, Ore. June 1971. Meriwether, improbably garbed in gold swim trunks, a white hospital shirt and gold-and-white-striped suspenders, steps into the starting blocks for the 100-yd. dash in the A.A.U. championships. The gun sounds. Meriwether streaks for the tape with great, loping strides and wins, in the astonishing time of 9 sec. flat, a mark equaled by only one other man in history, the U.S.'s John Carlos.*

Newest Folk Hero. Neither Mitty nor Merriwell would have believed the Meriwether saga. But it is undeniably true that track's newest folk hero never raced in competition until a year ago. Meriwether explains that his high school in Charleston, S.C., had no track team, and the football team had no use for "a guy who was 6 ft. tall and weighed 135 lbs." At Michigan State, where he studied pre-med on a scholarship, his only brush with organized sports was a few hot games of volleyball. The first black accepted into Duke University School of Medicine, he specialized in blood diseases, and in 1969 took a job at the Baltimore Cancer Research Center. While caring for and becoming "personally involved" with young leukemia victims, he says, he desperately needed a diversion. For "exercise and entertainment," he decided to run for fun.


Meriwether's training methods have been unconventional, to say the least. He began by running up the 14 flights

of his apartment building. Often he would run up the stairs in reverse—a sight that soon had neighbors asking who was the backward freak in the knee-length white coat? "It seemed like I'd always pass women returning home with the groceries," he recalls. Borrowing a pair of track shoes, he started working out late at night at a nearby outdoor track. He practiced alone in the dark with no coach, no blocks and no starter's pistol. "It's unsafe," he says, "to practice with a gun in Baltimore after 10 p.m."

Back to the Lab. Since he had no stopwatch either, Meriwether had no idea how fast he was until he began competing in local meets last summer. "No one was more surprised than I was," he says, when he ran successive 100-yd. dashes in 9.6, 9.5 and 9.4 sec. In Meriwether's first major meet, the National Invitational in College Park, Md., in January, a field of world-class sprinters got an even bigger surprise. He won the 60-yd. dash in 6 sec. flat, just one-tenth of a second off the world record, despite a characteristically poor start. Troubled by pulled muscles, and unable to train more than two or three nights a week, Meriwether won only 2 of 12 races before his triumph in the A.A.U. 100. "I've never been frustrated by defeat," he says. "If I don't win, I know I can go back to the lab, to my patients, to television."

Last week, after winning a U.S. Public Health Service award for co-authoring a paper entitled "The Inhibiting of DNA and RNA Synthesis by Daunorubicin and Adriamycin in L-1210 Mouse Leukemia," Meriwether moved to a new job at the Thorndike Memorial Laboratory in Boston. "I haven't talked to my new employer," he says. "He may not dig track." A more important question is whether Meriwether digs competing in the 1972 Olympics in Munich. "First things come first," he says. "My family and my work. But whether I do or don't compete, I'll always jog and enjoy it."

* Since both clockings were "wind-aided" (run in winds that exceeded the 4.47 m.p.h. limit), they are not recognized as the official world record, which is 9.1 and is shared by Carlos and four other sprinters.



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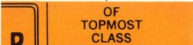
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MEDICINE

Cure for Cold Sores?

Though no one has ever tallied the exact number, millions of people—probably one out of every ten—suffer at various times from cold sores. Produced by the *herpes simplex* virus, the unsightly sores appear on the lips, around the eyes or even on the genitals, and can cause swelling and considerable discomfort before they run their two-week course and disappear. Doctors have been able to do little for most cold-sore sufferers except minimize their discomfort with soothing medications. But now a team of dermatologists at the Baylor University College of Medicine in Houston has developed a treatment that promises to relieve herpes infection and reduce recurrences.

Based on five years of research, the new treatment uses a light-sensitive dye to disrupt the development of the virus. According to Dr. Troy Felber, who headed the Baylor team, the photoactive dye combines with the viral genetic material, or DNA, to increase its sensitivity to light. Once this occurs, visible light, which is absorbed by the dye, apparently breaks the DNA strands, causing the virus to expire.

Rapid Relief. Applying the treatment, doctors simply puncture early cold-sore blisters and put a neutral red dye at the base of the lesions. They then expose the sore to the light of an ordinary 15-watt fluorescent tube for 15 minutes, wait one to six hours and repeat the process.

Tested on more than 100 patients, the treatment, which is not yet generally available, has proved promising.

Most patients reported rapid relief from the pain of their cold sores, often within an hour of the first exposure to light. Fully 90% reported that their cold sores formed a painless crust within 24 hours and disappeared completely in three to five days.

Felber's treatment also resulted in fewer recurrences. One group of 32 patients, who had suffered from at least four cold-sore outbreaks a year, reported only half as many after the treatment; some have gone eight to 16 months without a visit from the virus.

Dynamite Heart

Many industrial occupations have their own peculiar hazards. Coal miners are particularly susceptible to "black lung," or anthracosis, a disease caused by inhaling coal dust. Asbestos workers are known to develop cancer from breathing in asbestos particles. Now an outbreak of heart disease in a Wisconsin ammunition plant has brought out the fact that workers who handle nitroglycerin can develop a dangerous dependency on it. They can suffer heart pains and even death when denied exposure to the explosive.

The most recent evidence is provided by Dr. Ramon Lange, chief of cardiology at Milwaukee County General Hospital, who reviewed the cases of workers at the Badger Army Ammunition Plant near Baraboo, Wis. Last April a woman whose work at the plant involved handling nitroglycerin, a component of dynamite, was referred to him for treatment of chest pains, which seemed to occur only on weekends.



WORKERS AT BADGER AMMUNITION PLANT
A dangerous dependency.

Lange listened to her story with skepticism, even when she told him that other women at the plant were similarly affected. "I thought this was some form of mass hysteria," he said. Nonetheless he put her in the hospital for more extensive tests. Before the first of the tests, however, the woman began to experience additional chest pains. Lange prescribed nitroglycerin, which has long been used medically for heart conditions. It relieved her pains and restored her pulse to normal.

That led Lange to suspect that she might be suffering from "dynamite heart." The condition, first described in 1941, results when overexposure to nitroglycerin causes blood vessels to dilate and to remain open as long as exposure is continued. But when the source of nitroglycerin is removed, the vessels contract, reducing the supply of blood to the heart.

Monday Angina. Further investigation confirmed Lange's suspicions. Of eight women employees of the plant who had suffered from "Monday morning angina," two had prolonged periods of coronary insufficiency, and three had had heart attacks. One of the three died suddenly on a Monday morning, despite the fact that an electrocardiogram taken only a few days earlier had shown her heart to be normal.

Six of the surviving women have switched to jobs that involve no contact with nitroglycerin. But other workers still run some risk, even though the plant's nitroglycerin dust levels are far lower than those allowed by the Government. One hundred and sixty employees work with nitroglycerin at the plant. Though only 6% of such an adult group would normally show signs of coronary heart disease, Lange found 5% of the employees to be suffering from some kind of heart handicap.



TREATING HERPES SIMPLEX
Light on a virus.

ART

Dürer: Humanist, Mystic and Tourist

JUST 500 years ago, Albrecht Dürer was born in Nuremberg. The anniversary has been the signal for a flurry of commemorative exhibitions across the world. In the U.S., the most impressive is a magnificent survey of Dürer's graphic work (36 drawings and 207 etchings, engravings and woodcuts) at the National Gallery in Washington.

Protean Richness. The tributes are, of course, deserved. Dürer was the greatest artist in German history, and his birth now seems the only internationally memorable event (apart from the war-crimes tribunal of 1945) that took place in Nuremberg. By adapting the new forms of the Italian *quattrocento* and connecting them to the already robust tradition of the German print, he almost singlehandedly provoked the Northern Renaissance. No single aspect of Dürer's work can do justice to the protean richness of his imagination and temperament. For all-round inquisitiveness, he was surpassed only by his older contemporary, Leonardo da Vinci.

Dürer was interested in everything, from the nap of a rabbit's fur or the extra legs on a mutant pig to the theory of human proportion. His graphic work was a sustained paeon to the di-

versity of the world. There was often an edge of apocalyptic menace in the way he perceived it. He wrote a treatise on proportion, but he was shaken by portents, frightened by monsters and preyed on by nightmares—all of which he described and to some degree exorcised by drawing them. But his curiosity remained insatiable, and it drove him to constant journeying: Dürer was the first cultural tourist.

Unfamiliarity delighted him. In 1520, when he was in Brussels, Dürer was shown a roomful of loot from the New World—"a sun of gold fully 6 ft. broad, and a moon of silver the same size . . . strange clothing, bedspreads and all kinds of wonderful objects of various sizes, much more beautiful to behold than prodigies. All the days of my life I have seen nothing that gladdened my heart so much as these things, for I saw among them wonderful works of art, and I marveled at the subtle *Ingenia* of men in foreign lands." Very few of his contemporaries had seen Inca art as anything but barbaric curiosities or bullion.

Coral and Malaria. Of course, Europe had long been crisscrossed by wandering medieval craftsmen like Wili-gelmo and Gislebertus. But Dürer seems

to have been the first great artist to act on the idea that response to different cultures is part of the creative process itself. His appetite for curios and marvels was enormous, and it filled his baggage with every imaginable sort of junk. Dürer once impetuously swapped a whole portfolio of engravings and woodcuts for "five snail shells, four silver and five copper medals, two dried fishes, a white coral, four reed arrows and a red coral," as well as a large shark's fin that one of his friends, a vicar, had to lug all the way home to Nuremberg. Even the disease that ruined his health, malaria, was a souvenir; a mosquito bit him when he ventured into the salt marshes of Zeeland to draw yet another marvel—a dead whale.

Dürer started traveling in 1490 when he was not quite 19. He had spent four years apprenticed to a master painter and engraver in Nuremberg, Michael Wolgemut; he now set off to Colmar, to work under Martin Schongauer. The trip turned into a couple of *Wanderjahre* through Germany, and he did not reach Colmar until 1492. When he got there, Schongauer was dead. His restless wanderings across Europe included two trips to Venice, and were capped by a year-long sojourn in The Netherlands, where he was a celebrity among celebrities, moving in a nimbus of fame through a circle that included Erasmus himself. Later he commemorated his meeting with Erasmus by a portrait that was

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART



"LANDSCAPE WITH THE CANNON," 1518



"NEMESIS (THE GREAT FORTUNE)," CIRCA 1501-02

drawn, according to its inscription, "from the living figure." In fact it was done from Dürer's memory and another artist's portrait, and Erasmus thought it a poor likeness.

In moving from Nuremberg to Venice, Dürer reversed a whole direction of cultural priorities. The centers to which German artists had previously looked, from their provincial isolation, were Bruges and Ghent in Flanders and the northern Gothic style shaped there by artists like the Van Eycks and Hugo van der Goes. What fascinated Dürer was Italian humanism and all that flowed from the discovery of classical antiquity. He felt that his destiny was to introduce these new ideas to the North. He had informed himself from scraps, mainly engravings after Mantegna and his imitators that he had seen and copied in Wolgemut's Nuremberg studio. Dürer was already a virtuoso draftsman; but there was nobody alive in Germany against whom he could test himself.

Scholars and Thieves. In fact, the trips to Venice did not radically change his style. But they gave him confidence (especially when Giovanni Bellini, the Venetian artist he most admired, became his friend), immeasurably deepened his learnings and supplied him, on the way, with some of his most typical images. His biggest etching, *Landscape with the Cannon*, sets a turbaned Turk (which Dürer copied from a painting by Giovanni's older brother Gentile Bellini) in the midst of a landscape he sketched

on the way to Bamberg. Around 1501 he engraved *Nemesis*—the goddess of fortune, bulbous as a German wardrobe, riding her sphere above the earth. Though it looks nothing like the studies in ideal proportion by Italian artists he had seen in Venice, her body in fact incorporates an intricate proportional scheme, while the landscape that spreads below is a microscopically accurate rendering of the village of Chiasso, in South Tyrol, through which Dürer had passed on his way across the Alps.

THE ROBERT LEHMAN COLLECTION



DÜRER'S "SELF-PORTRAIT" (AT AGE 22)



"ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM," 1526

This combination of abstract erudition, cosmic imagery and exquisitely detailed observation is at the core of Dürer's originality; and it was not lost on the Venetians. "I wish you were here in Venice!" Dürer wrote to his best friend, the Humanist Willibald Pirckheimer, in 1506. "There are so many nice fellows among the Italians who seek my company more and more every day—wise scholars, good lute-players, pipers, connoisseurs of painting. . . . On the other hand there are also some of the most false, lying, thievish rascals, the like of which I could not have believed lived on earth. They copy my work in the churches and wherever they find it, and then they revile it and say it is not in the *antique* manner and therefore not good." But he added: "Here I am a gentleman, at home I am a parasite"—from which it appears that Dürer knew more about the business of being a successful expatriate than most travelers ever discover.

Dürer took it all—the fame, the stimulus, the occasional overload of ambition and the constant bombardment of visual problems—with a charmingly ironic humor. "How good we feel," he wrote to the exuberant Pirckheimer. "Both of us, I with my picture and you with your wisdom. When we are praised we turn up our noses and believe it all. But a nasty mocker might stand behind us and scoff at us." Happily, the future turned out otherwise.

■ Robert Hughes

CINEMA

A Tenuous Balance

Klute is a sharp, slick thriller about murder, perversion, paranoia, prostitution and a lot of other wonderful things about life in New York City. The eponymous hero (Donald Sutherland) is a small-town Pennsylvania cop come to the big town to trace the disappearance of his best friend, a home-loving executive with a kinky double life. Klute concentrates on his single strong lead, a high-class hooker named Bree (Jane Fonda), who may have spent a night with the missing man two years ago.

Bree is a distinctly contemporary whore, a sometime model and aspiring actress who turns a trick for cash as well as for the frequent pleasure of dominating her male customers. This is all made plain in extended conversations with her psychiatrist—a rather clumsy dramatic device that lends some furtive substance to the proceedings even while slowing them down. But Klute at least is intrigued and eventually succumbs to Bree's well-practiced blandishments. Somewhat to her surprise, and probably against her will, Bree finds herself falling for Klute.

The film strikes a sometimes successful, sometimes tenuous balance between suspenseful diversion and romantic melodrama. Klute's character is never adequately probed, and there is an uncomfortable number of genre clichés, including a hoked-up terror-in-the-last-reel episode that lacks both terror and surprise. Worse, the sentimental fadeout runs completely contrary to the strenuously realistic tone the film has struggled to sustain.

Director Alan Pakula (*The Sterile Cuckoo*) still has a tendency to go soft on his characters, but his camera eye and his sense of the rhythm of a scene

(strongly abetted by Editor Carl Lerner) have improved considerably. His talent with actors seems now beyond contention, and under his guidance Jane Fonda gives her best performance to date. A couple of years ago, in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, she brought power to a part in which she was basically miscast. In *Klute* she is profoundly and perfectly Bree: she makes all the right choices, from the mechanics of her walk and her voice inflection to the penetration of the girl's raging psyche. It is a rare performance.

■ Jay Cocks

Wheels: Hi Test

"I keep picking up these fantasies all along the road."

—G.T.O. in *Two-Lane Blacktop*

He hasn't got it quite right. The road is really an escape route. When G.T.O. stops his sleek and speedy Pontiac to pick up hitchhikers along his way to anywhere, it is reality he is letting in. Talking to his passengers—a faggot cowpuncher, a grandmother caring for a newly orphaned child, a couple of soldiers on leave—he attempts to draw them into his own baroque imagination. He is by turns an ex-fighter pilot, a gambler, a test driver from Detroit. It is only clear about G.T.O. that whatever road he takes, he will always be lost.

For another set of characters, the Driver and the Mechanic, the endless macadam stretching cross-country is nothing less than a lifeline. They seal themselves inside their '55 Chevy and look to make money at racing. They pick up a girl who has been scuffling around the back roads. Inevitably, they meet up with G.T.O. The challenge comes quickly: race all the way from



OATES IN "TWO-LANE"

Chopped and channeled mythology.

New Mexico to Washington, D.C., winners take the pink slips—possession of the cars, which, for each of them, are vehicles either of dreams or destruction.

Director Monte Hellman has taken this kind of chopped and channeled mythology and turned it into an American pop epic called *Two-Lane Blacktop*. The film is immaculately crafted, funny and quite beautiful, resonant with a lingering mood of loss and loneliness. There are extended pauses and dialogue exchanges full of deliberate paradox. Few film makers have dealt so well or so subtly with the American landscape. Not a single frame in the film is wasted. Even the small touches—the languid tension while refueling at a back-country gas station or the piercing sound of an ignition buzzer—have their own intricate worth.

Full *Velocity*, *Two-Lane Blacktop* does suffer from a certain overfamiliarity. After *Easy Rider*, *Five Easy Pieces* and their sundry imitators, the American highway as a metaphor has become a pretty well-traveled route. But *Two-Lane Blacktop* is full of its own surprises. Rock Stars James Taylor and Dennis Wilson are fine as the Driver and the Mechanic: Taylor's gaunt face and haunted eyes and Wilson's strong, oblique presence suit Hellman's purposes perfectly.

Best of all is Warren Oates as G.T.O. His face is familiar from a decade of playing honkies, hillbillies and the leading man's saddle buddy. The wide-ranging talent given expression only intermittently in those secondary roles is here used at full velocity and flat-out: he is funny and crazy, bitter, wistful and tragic. It is a performance that places him among the finest American film actors.

In its last five minutes, the movie falls off into an inevitable but rather glib denouement. The girl (Laurie Bird) leaves the group and starts her wandering again, but since her role has al-



FONDA & SUTHERLAND IN "KLUTE"
Perversion, paranoia and other wonderful things.

ways seemed merely functional, the departure is something less than shattering. That the fadeout is strangely chilly and unaffected does not prevent *Two-Lane Blacktop* from being one of the most ambitious and interesting American films of the year.

■ J.C.

Wheels: Petit Prix

Steve McQueen's style of glacial cool has been perfected close to the point of impenetrable mannerism. Playing a racing driver in *Le Mans*, he only stands in front of the camera and allows himself to be photographed. Occasionally his lips will twitch into that shy, strong, ironic half-smile that he has made his trademark. In really grandiose scenes



McQUEEN EMOTING IN "LE MANS"
Pitiful profundities.

he may make a gesture. He might even wave. But only under pressure.

The story, like the star's acting, is so spare as to be virtually nonexistent: McQueen, injured in the race last year, returns to the competition to have another go at it. Since the film makers appear to have been interested in constructing a kind of fictional documentary, most of the dialogue has been eliminated. What remains is either mundane, mechanical chatter or pitiful profundities of the why-I-race variety. Visually, the film never gets out of low gear. There is not a single scene or shot that was not done first and better by John Frankenheimer in *Grand Prix*.

McQueen is still potentially a good movie actor, but he needs someone to loosen him up, make him play a part, not pose for it. In *Le Mans* he has surrounded himself with the sort of second-rate production talent that offers no protest to his rampant self-indulgence. *Le Mans* may be the most famous auto race in the world, but from a theater seat it just looks like a big drag.

■ J.C.

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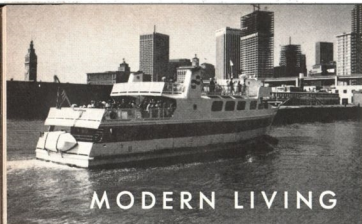
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"GOLDEN GATE" PULLS INTO SAN FRANCISCO



COMMUTERS ENJOYING MORNING SNACK

The Martini Commuters

San Francisco's picture-postcard suburb of Sausalito boasts a rare breed of American fauna: a small band of happy commuters. The reason is blue and white, cost \$700,000 and floats. It is called the M.V. *Golden Gate*; and in the eleven months that it has been plying the waters of San Francisco Bay between Sausalito, in Marin County, and the city's Pier One, it has turned hundreds of auto-addicted commuters into convinced ferry fans.

The trip is inexpensive—50¢ each way. It is also quick: 30 minutes pier to pier, and the passengers step off virtually into the heart of San Francisco's business district. On board the commuter's lot is little short of idyllic. City-bound riders, too rushed for breakfast at home, can buy mugs of fresh coffee, homemade blueberry muffins and cupcakes at the snack bar on the second deck. For cyclists there are bike racks below. From the sunny afterdeck, commuters can stare at some of the hand-somest scenery in the world—the spectacular Golden Gate Bridge, Sausalito's tiny houses clinging like mussels to the surrounding green-brown hills, deserted Alcatraz with wildflowers growing on its rocky sides, and the San Francisco hills covered with white and pastel buildings. In the evenings, passengers see the same splendors in a different light, their perceptions sharpened by tasty 75¢ martinis, fine Scotch or champagne.

Mail-Order Minister. The agency responsible for making the commuters' ship come in is the Golden Gate Bridge, Highway and Transportation District, which launched the luxury ferry service to alleviate rush-hour traffic on the overcrowded bridge. To help attract the 575 commuters who now make the daily round trip aboard the *Golden Gate*, the district administrators arranged the ferry schedule to get businessmen to their offices on time and ensured dependable performance by ordering maintenance engineers to work every night to keep the craft shipshape. The district also placed two captains on board, one to steer and the other to man the radar set during the Bay's frequent mists and fogs.

Conviviality is the rule aboard the *Golden Gate*. Several semipermanent cocktail groups have formed, each with its own quasi-reserved section of deck space. Crew members have been known to introduce lonesome secretaries to shy brokers, and Captain Chuck Riebert, who went to the extreme of obtaining a mail-order certificate as a minister, last February conducted the on-board wedding of a devoted *Golden Gate* couple.

Cushion of Air. One successful ferry will hardly make a dent in the traffic jams caused by the 100,000 autos that now use the Golden Gate Bridge daily, 31,000 at rush hours alone. By 1980, the rush-hour figure should be 47,000. Thus imaginative district officials are now planning to siphon off more bridge commuters with four ferries that are larger (750 passengers) and more luxurious (two bars). Later this summer they will also begin trial runs with a giant 60-passenger air-cushion vehicle, which will skim across the Bay in just 15 minutes. But District General Manager Dale Luehring doubts that it will be universally accepted by Marin County commuters. "A lot of people don't want to get back and forth faster," he observes. "They say a half-hour is just enough time for two martinis."

Patchwork Fashions

Long, long ago—perhaps as far back as the early '60s—patches on worn or torn clothing were a mark of poverty, or at least of thrift. The patch has come a long way since then. Today it is colorful, clever, artistic and even ideological. Whether to hide holes on worn clothing or simply to adorn brand-new apparel—especially denim jeans and jackets—patching is the bright new fad.

Although some of the patches are still homemade, most now come from opportunistic manufacturers, who are spewing them forth in a dizzying variety: hearts, flowers, butterflies and a rainbow (usually worn across the hips) are popular. So are noncom stripes, Viet Nam insignia and Disney characters. There are metal studs and leather scraps, attached when and where the spirit dictates. There are even patches that reek (for a few weeks, anyway) of fresh fruit scents, while still others blazon credos: NOT TO DECIDE IS TO DECIDE, for example.

Plain jeans are no longer adequate for even the plainest Jane: now the enthusiast can saunter into an expensive boutique like New York City's Billingsley, be interviewed by freelance Costume Designer Linda Sampson, hand

FADDISH PATCHES FOR JEANS: COLORFUL, CLEVER, ARTISTIC, IDEOLOGICAL—



her a battered set of denims and return two weeks later to pick up a sort of patchwork personality portrait, sewn together by Linda for \$200 or so. Customers do not seem to worry that her interpretations of their personalities will be too freaky. "Basically," she says, "people will wear anything they can get away with." New Yorker Jann Johnson, 24, carries the idea a logical step further: she has been embroidering her jeans with the story of her life. Her home, for example, is symbolized by a leather skyline of Manhattan; her California past is portrayed on a knee. "Actually," she hastily says, "they're not quite finished."

Police Badge. Hollywood boasts a shop, the Liquid Butterfly, that specializes in the custom patching of jeans. Owner Charlotte Stewart says she is "trying to get people to recycle their clothes. Instead of throwing out a ripped pair of jeans, we think it's nicer to put a pretty patch on them." One of her recent productions is a pair of jeans embroidered to resemble a hollow tree, with 13 butterflies, a bee and a ladybug buzzing up from it. That assignment took about 30 hours and cost the owner \$65. The buyer, she notes, was a man.

Considerably less expensive are the do-it-yourself patches that cost anywhere from 25¢ to a few dollars. Perhaps the most startling of these is an assortment of astrological pornopatches, each of which depicts two erotically entangled figures and a one-word summary of the sign's characteristics (Cancer is "versatile"; Leo is "friendly").

Not all of the patch messages concern sex. Appliqués allow the wearer to spell out practically anything that he is concerned with at the moment—peace, pot or politics. There are patches reading **WORK FOR PEACE** and some in the shape of doves and peace symbols. Others portray the Black Panther fist salute, the Puerto Rican flag and a Chicago police badge. One of the more elaborate looks like a marijuana plant and is inscribed with the slogan **FLY THE AMERICAN WAY**.

AND SOMETIMES PORNOGRAPHIC



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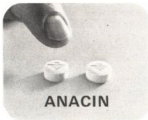
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ENVIRONMENT

The Fight to Save Wild Horses

Rocky, a dark bay with an insignificant little head, a tiny, battle-scarred chest, concave flanks and protruding ribs, was caught on Easter Sunday and has been confined ever since on the outskirts of Reno in a small pen with heavy timbered fences eight feet high. At the approach of humans, Rocky races down to the other end of the pen, perks his ears, then lays them back and gallops in mad circles. Only the pen is too small, the turning angle too sharp, and Rocky keeps falling on his side. "Ain't he sorry?" laughs Mustanger Bill Victor. "He ain't hardly a horse at all."

the horse carcasses were valued only as a source of glue, clothing and violin bowstrings. But by 1945, industry recognized that wild horses were a cheap source of pet food. That was the signal for the beginning of the great hunt.

Sunday Killers. Between 1900 and 1950, more than a million wild horses were eliminated. Even the Government got into the act. From 1934 to 1963, the Bureau of Land Management and its predecessor agency condoned and even paid for the killing of mustangs. On numerous occasions the U.S. Forest Service held "close-outs" in which it gave ranchers 60 days to round up their own strays on forest service land—and then proceeded to shoot any remaining wild

"gathered" 40,000 wild horses, and in whose pen Rocky awaits his fate. Chug remembers flying over wild herds in a light plane and using a "four-ten sawed-off shotgun just to spook 'em. We also used an electric shocking machine, but we didn't harm 'em. That's all poppycock." Anyway, says Chug philosophically, "there's only one end to being a horse, whether he's a champion race horse or a plug: dog food."

The hatred or, at best, brutal indifference that many ranchers feel toward the wild horse could stem from more than their impatience with anything other than livestock on the range. Hope Ryden, in her book *America's Last Wild Horses*, suggests another reason: "Perhaps these living reminders of an almost obliterated Indian culture are despised because they not only continue



MUSTANG BATTLING CAPTORS (1946)



WILD HORSES TRUSSED FOR DELIVERY (1946)

Despised because they are free.

ROCKY'S sorry plight typifies the state of the 16,000 wild horses, or mustangs, left in the United States, most of them barely subsisting in arid brush country in ten Western states or, like Rocky, languishing in pens. Descendants for the most part of proud Andalusian horses brought to the New World by Spanish conquistadors 400 years ago, they are the only remnants of herds that as recently as 1900 numbered in the millions. If nothing is done to protect them, conservationists warn, there may be none left by 1980.

The Great Hunt. The mustang, which helped tame the West, is facing extinction for obvious reasons: it long ago became outmoded by trains, automobiles and farm machinery. Not worth preserving as game for hunters because it is too easy to track and kill, and not worth preserving for domestic use because it is too wild, stupid and inbred (according to some ranchers), the mustang has long been rounded up and "rendered"—a euphemism for slaughtered—by various entrepreneurs. At first

horses. The bureau's rationale: the mustangs chomp up valuable vegetation on Government property.

Far worse is the manner in which wild horses were "captured." They were panicked by planes, then lassoed from speeding vehicles and hobbled by being tied to 100-lb. truck tires (as vividly depicted in John Huston's 1961 film, *The Mistifs*). Some were riddled with shotgun pellets and dragged aboard trucks half dead, others had their nostrils tied with baling wire, their legs broken, their eyes gouged out. Foals were left without mothers, who burst their lungs in futile attempts to escape mechanized pursuers. Some ranchers, resentful that wild horses compete with livestock for scarce food and water in arid regions, dope water holes, or simply ride out into the hills and blow the mustangs' heads off. "Sunday mustangers" use weekends to rope and ride down wild horses, often driving them to the point of exhaustion or death.

TIME Correspondent Timothy Tyler last week talked with Chug Utter, a Nevada mustanger who in 20 years has

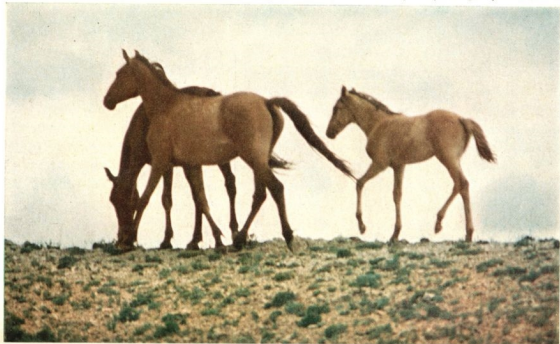
to enjoy a free-roaming existence in the wilderness, but haunt the American conscience as well."

Wild Horse Annie. The cruel treatment of the mustangs has begun to draw protest from some Americans. The most noted of them is Mrs. Velma Johnston (alias "Wild Horse Annie"), a frail Nevada woman who once owned a horse ranch and has been battling 21 years to save mustangs. Under her leadership horse enthusiasts have pushed through a number of state laws designed to protect the animals. The thousands of letters Annie has sent to legislators and other government officials also helped to promote the 1959 federal statute known popularly as the "Wild Horse Annie Law," which prohibits the hunting of wild horses from airplanes or other motorized vehicles on the public domain. In addition, Annie's lobbying helped establish wild-horse sanctuaries in the Pryor Mountains of Montana and Wyoming and at Nellis Air Force Base in Nevada.

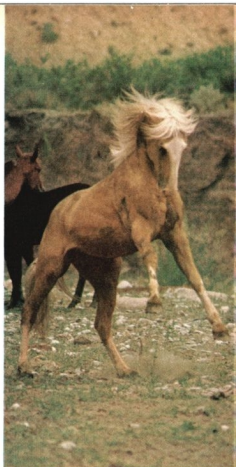
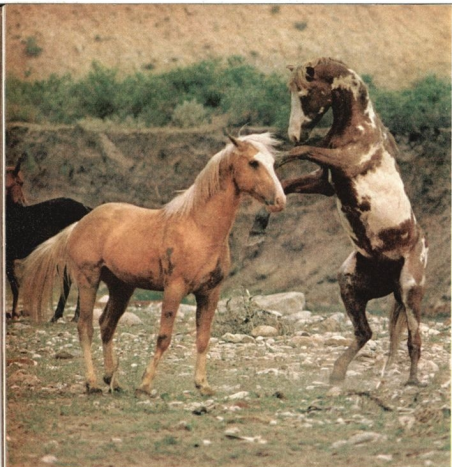
But there are loopholes. The Wild



Isolated in barren grandeur of Montana's Pryor Mountains, this stallion is one of America's last 16,000 wild horses. Refuting a common belief that all wild horses are mangy, two mares and a colt trot proudly through Pryor Mountains.



WILSON BROWN FOR THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC



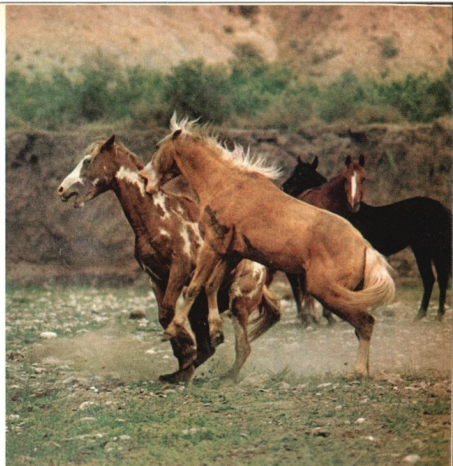
A pinto rears to defend his territory from a palomino in Wyoming. Screaming, the horses try to pummel



Hunters closing in to lasso panic-stricken horses from a truck speeding over salt flats in Nevada.



NEEDS MORE AS SHOWN



each other with their front hooves. Palomino wins quick battle by wheeling on pinto and biting his neck.



ARMED 1010

A lassoed horse drags a heavy rubber tire until he is exhausted and entangled in rope. Next stop: a dog-food plant.

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We wouldn't have it any other way. We don't believe in cutting down on necessities like those two extra doors. In fact, we don't even believe in cutting down on the non-necessities. Fully reclining bucket seats, for instance. And disc brakes, and nylon carpeting, tinted glass, even whitewall tires. They're all standard equipment. They're all part of the deal at \$2,350.* So if you want a wagon with accessibility try this: Drive a Datsun... then decide.

And the two extra doors don't cost a thing.



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Horse Annie Law, for instance, leaves enforcement to local communities, where the leading citizens often are ranchers. As a result, the hunting down of wild horses continues. Some brazen mustangers even let their branded horses mix with wild horses, then capture the entire bunch. If investigators discover wild horses in the herd, the mustanger explains that he was only trying to recover his stock.

New Laws. Largely through the efforts of Wild Horse Annie, new and tougher laws are now before Congress. The Senate passed its version last week; the House version is still in committee. Both bills would give full responsibility for protecting and managing wild horses to the Bureau of Land Management and the U.S. Forest Service, and would prohibit the killing of mustangs except by trained Government agents—and then only when the number of horses becomes excessive. Violators would be subject to fines of up to \$2,000, one year in jail, or both. The bills would make wild horses a part of the national heritage, and establish new refuges on public lands.

Ecologists and conservationists are joining forces with those who want to preserve wild horses for humane and aesthetic reasons. While ecological studies are incomplete, they seem to confirm that wild horses do not compete with livestock, because they usually roam mountainous regions inaccessible to cattle, and do not compete with other wildlife, because they are grass eaters while most wild herbivores eat brush.

Scientists also say that studies show the birth rate of mustangs is low and that their number is kept low by natural enemies like mountain lions, wolves and disease. Wild Horse Annie is grateful to her new allies but feels that there is a less pragmatic, more important reason for preserving the horses. "To the people of America," she says, "mustangs represent the kind of freedom we were founded on."

Delaware's Choice

Despite powerful opposition, Delaware has chosen conservation over industrial growth. Last week Governor Russell W. Peterson signed a law that stops heavy industry from locating new plants on the state's 125-mile-long ocean, bay and river coastline. The law, first of its kind in the U.S., specifically bans oil refineries, petrochemical complexes, steel mills, offshore bulk-transfer terminals and paper mills—all potential polluters. "Clean" industries (such as jewelry manufacturing and research labs) may settle on Delaware's shoreline, but only after the state planner and a new ten-man control board approve applicants' plans.

"We're keenly disappointed," said an official at Shell Oil, which had proposed a \$100 million littoral refinery. "We're particularly sorry to see that emotionalism was permitted to obscure

the fact that we are capable of building a clean refinery." But Peterson, himself a former Du Pont executive, has become convinced that performance controls "are not an effective enough safeguard" against pollution; he especially fears for the state's handsome beaches which now support a thriving tourist business. Besides, the Governor warned, a massive influx of industrial workers "could build population pressure that would create more problems than it would solve."

The new law promises to harm what the U.S. Treasury and Commerce departments call the nation's "trading posture." On the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, except for some Maine ports, only Delaware Bay has deep enough water to handle the world's growing fleets of supertankers and giant cargo ships. But in a recent letter to a complaining industrialist, Peterson bluntly suggested that there was a somewhat less economic alternative: "Forgo the use of large vessels and continue to use smaller vessels."

Despite the loss of potential jobs and tax revenue that more heavy industry would bring in, Delaware will probably not suffer much from the ban. The state has long attracted industry with its favorable corporation laws and its lack of a sales tax; now it also virtually guarantees a pleasant quality of life. As a result, Delaware may actually entice more corporate headquarters and light industry than ever before. Says up Governor Peterson: "We can afford to be selective."

Exhaustive Test for Detroit

Although all U.S. manufacturers are now worried about pollution controls, no industry is more concerned—or has better reason to be—than the automakers. Under the Clean Air Act of 1970, Detroit's 1975 models must be built to emit 90% less of both carbon monoxide and gaseous hydrocarbons than is given off by 1970 cars; by the 1976 model year, emissions of nitrogen oxides must be reduced by a similar amount. If Detroit fails to meet these deadlines, the Federal Government can close the industry down. As a result, the automakers have launched a crash program, investing both manpower and money (\$250 million in 1970) to solve the problems.

Will Detroit succeed in time? Last week in a report prepared for Congress, William Ruckelshaus, administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, gave his official view. "Although it is very early for any predictions, it appears that progress is being made in controlling the emissions," he said. "EPA is moderately optimistic."

The Challenge. Ruckelshaus also issued final regulations on exhaust-testing procedures, making them a bit more lenient than before. The old tests simulated a 73-mile urban auto trip, starting with a cold engine (which throws

off more pollutants than a warm one). To approximate more closely the way a typical car is used during a day (the engine is often already warm from a previous trip), the new rules call for tests from warm and cold starts; this procedure should reduce the average emissions during tests, helping Detroit to meet the standards.

Moreover, the test fuel will be unleaded gasoline, which unlike the leaded variety widely used today does not foul antipollution equipment; thus the engineering problems of the automakers will be eased. Said Ruckelshaus: The new regulations, together with the deadlines, represent "a challenge to the ingenuity of American industry."

Detroit just sighed. "The test procedures have been made easier," said a Chrysler official, "but we still don't know whether we can accomplish the goals." Herbert L. Misch, Ford's vice president

SON CARL STEFFEN



EPA'S RUCKELSHAUS
Moderately optimistic.

for engineering and manufacturing, was more explicit. Between the 1962 and the 1970 models, he said, Detroit cut carbon-monoxide emissions by 70% and hydrocarbons by 80%. "Thus," he complained, "the task presented to us of an additional 90% reduction is formidable. We are most pessimistic about our ability to comply with the 1976 requirements on nitrogen oxides."

There are good grounds for Detroit's gloom. By raising exhaust temperatures, a device called a catalytic converter can burn away carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons. Trouble is, this step may also increase the output of nitrogen oxides, which no one yet knows how to curb economically. Unless the automakers can develop radical, new technological solutions, they fear that the expense of meeting the federal requirements may add as much as \$600 to the cost of each new car.

MUSIC

King as Queen?

The Beatles were still relative unknowns playing stale-smelling dives in Liverpool, and Bob Dylan was staring hopefully into the spotlights at Greenwich Village folk clubs. The vogue back in 1960 was something known as "uptown rhythm and blues"—the first attempt to make R. and B. more palatable to the white audience. Uptown R. and B. was so named not because any downtown brand existed, but because in the offices of what had once been New York's Tin Pan Alley, some of the best young white producers and writers were turning out new song material for all-black groups like the Shirelles, the Drifters and the Cookies. The results were fascinating: though R. and B. lost some of its ethnic honesty, it still had considerable emotional sweep, plus a new sophistication.

No one wrote fancier uptown R. and B. than a young Jewish girl from Brooklyn named Carole King. Fast approaching 20, she and her first husband, a lyricist named Gerry Goffin, caught on early with songs like the Shirelles' *Will You Love Me Tomorrow* (1961) and the Drifters' *Up on the Roof* (1963). Masters at making their point quickly, their lyrics were predominantly simple, sentimental statements about love and loneliness, their melodies ingeniously brief.

Low Profile. The era of Dylan and the Beatles came—and now seems gone. Carole King remains. Neither she nor her music has changed all that much. Only now she is singing it herself, and seems about to become the new Queen of Rock. Her rise stems most immediately from her success as a soloist on a March-April national tour with her friend James Taylor (TIME cover, March 1), as well as the joyful delights to be found in a new King album, *Tapestry* (Ode). In less than two months, *Tapestry* has become the No. 1 album in the U.S., and a coupling of two of its songs, *It's Too Late* and *I Feel the Earth Move*, the No. 1 single.

As a performer, Carole has what might be charitably called a low musical profile. At a recent Carnegie Hall concert, she

came out in an unpretentious print dress and sat down at the piano, alone on the stage and looking somewhat frail and plaintive. All that changed in seconds as she began thumping out a mesmerizing uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh bass rhythm, and then began to wail:

*I feel the earth move under my feet
I feel the sky tumbling down,
I feel my heart start to tremblin',
Whenever you're around.*

Hue and Cry. Hers is far from a great natural voice, but it has the deceptive thin strength of a whip antenna. Its basic hue is a Canarsie twang that suggests Judy Holliday negotiating *The Party's Over*. But hue is one thing and cry another, as proved by Carole's pile-driving thrust in a number called *Smackwater Jack*, or her tender, searching way with the line, "Sometimes I wonder if I'm ever gonna make it home again."

Mostly, Carole writes songs that are well suited to today's nostalgia for old-fashioned romance, loneliness (*So Far Away*), love (*Where You Lead*) and fondness for children (*Child of Mine*).

HONEY & MAGNOLIA



CAROLE KING & FRIEND AT HOME IN L.A.

In content, they are not so very different from the late Janis Joplin's, but worlds apart in style.

So, too, is Carole's way of living. In the early Tin Pan Alley days she and Goffin, whom she has since divorced, led a hectic life, and had to bring their baby to the office. Now she lets very little disturb the life she has arranged for herself in the Laurel Canyon house in Los Angeles where she tends to her nine- and eleven-year-old daughters by her first marriage; she is expecting the first child of her recent marriage to Bass Player Charles Larkey.

Strange are the ways of pop taste. When Janis died last fall, it seemed for a while that women had lost their one stronghold in the world of rock. Now not only Carole but a number of other girls are trying to fill it. Among them: ▶ Carole Simon, 26, offspring of a branch of the publishing Simons (& Schuster). At Sarah Lawrence, she and Sister Lucy had a popular folk duo called the Simon Sisters. Carole's debut album on Elektra shows her to be an adept composer in a fair range of styles (folk, country, pop). As a singer, she can be dusky and down-home simple in *One More Time*, or full of poised wisdom in her top-20 single *That's the Way I've Always Heard It Should Be*.

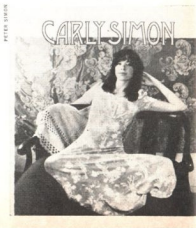
▶ Linda Ronstadt, 25, has had two Capitol LPs out in less than a year. Born in Tucson, Ariz., she is basically a country-rock stylist. Her musical interests (Cajun and mariachi among them) are broad, and she can somehow get as much kick into singing a slow blues number as into a wailing rock version of Wayne Raney's *We Need a Lot More of Jesus* (and a *Lot Less Rock and Roll*).

▶ Rita Coolidge, 26, is a Baptist preacher's daughter raised in Nashville, Tenn. She began singing as a pre-schooler in Daddy's choir, later polished her technique on four-part harmony in a Memphis night factory, learned country-rock as a back-up singer with Delaney & Bonnie. Such rock celebrities as Leon Russell, Stephen Stills and Ry Cooder were

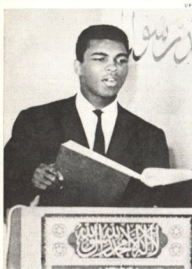
happy to play back-up on her new (and first) A & M album —perhaps because of the sensational way she can bend a slow romantic ballad to a voice of pure honey and magnolia.

DUSKY & POISED

BLUES & MARIACHI



THE LAW



ALI IN MUSLIM PULPIT

A unanimous decision on points.

Winner If Not Champ

He had lost every previous round, but unlike his fights in the ring, this time only the final round counted. Thus, after a four-year legal scrap, Muhammad Ali last week won a unanimous decision on points. The Supreme Court reversed his 1967 conviction for refusing induction on the grounds that the Government had wrongly attacked the basis of his beliefs.

Ali had been refused conscientious-objector status by his draft board. When he went to his draft appeal board, the Justice Department advised it that he was not sincere and that his beliefs, based on the teachings of the Nation of Islam (more familiarly known as the Black Muslims), were "political and racial" in nature, rather than religious as required by law. The appeal board upheld Ali's 1-A classification.

Before the Supreme Court, the Government belatedly conceded that Ali was sincere and religiously motivated after all; but because Muslims admit that they would fight in a *jihad*, or holy war, the Government argued that Ali was not opposed to all wars and therefore was not entitled to c.o. status. The court refused to consider the holy-war argument, thereby failing to set a precedent for other Black Muslims. Instead, it ruled that the appeal board's decision had been hopelessly contaminated by the Government's earlier, admittedly erroneous attack on Ali's sincerity and religion. And since Ali, 29, has passed the draft's age limit of 26, no new effort will be made to reclassify him.

The former heavyweight champion's final victory in the Supreme Court was a sharp reminder of the unseemly haste with which boxing officials stripped him of his title after his initial conviction.

And though the World Boxing Association and other boxing authorities began moving last week to restore him to the ranks of the officially recognized, none offered even a hint of apology. Asked if he would sue to recover some of the money he might have made during his 3½ years as a boxing outcast, Ali quietly said no. "They only did what they thought was right at the time," he explained. "I did what I thought was right. That was all. I can't condemn them."

Death on Trial

The Supreme Court has in the past considered a variety of legal attacks on capital punishment and responded with varying—and mostly peripheral—rulings. In none of those cases did it answer a central question: Has the death penalty become cruel and unusual punishment in violation of the Eighth Amendment? Last week the court agreed to hear arguments when it reconvenes next fall on that specific question in four cases involving convicted rapists and murderers.

Many legal scholars doubt that the Burger Court will eliminate capital punishment; among other indicators, they cite an earlier case, in which a death sentence was upheld. Justice Black wrote a concurring opinion stating, "It is inconceivable to me that the Framers intended to end capital punishment by the [Eighth] Amendment." On the other hand, last week the court saved 39 prisoners from execution, including Richard Speck, who killed eight student nurses in Chicago in 1966. The convictions of the 39 were not affected, but the sentences were set aside on the basis of a 1968 decision which held imposition of death unconstitutional if opponents of capital punishment had been automatically excluded from the jury.

However the court rules on the argument that capital punishment is cruel and unusual, its decision to consider it means another extension of the 31-year-old U.S. moratorium on executions.

A Way for Lester

The law is designed to provide order in human affairs, but its technicalities sometimes lead it helplessly toward injustices. In such cases, though, men can occasionally find ways to rescue fairness. In Michigan recently a way was found for Lester Stiggers.

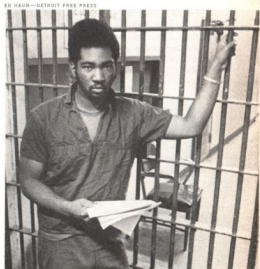
A black child of divorced Arkansas parents, Stiggers awoke one night at age ten to find his father trying to attack him sexually. At 15, when his father came at him with a belt, Lester in desperation blew the man apart with a shotgun. Sentenced to life imprisonment for first-degree murder, he went to Arkansas' infamous Cummins Prison Farm. "Once I was beaten every day for a month," he recalls, "be-

cause I didn't have the money to pay off a trusty." Transferred to another prison, he earned a five-day leave and promptly fled to Detroit, where his mother lived.

As soon as he arrived, early last year, he went to the police. But no fugitive warrant had been served for him, and he was not held. Stiggers quickly started putting himself together, earned a diploma in auto repair at a community college, and worked as a busboy, dishwasher, mechanic and carpenter. Then, almost a year later, the Arkansas fugitive warrant arrived and he was arrested.

Rare Intervention. Extradition between states is usually a mere formality. The Constitution commands that each state surrender criminals from other states. Still, Governors must go through the procedure of granting the extradition request. For two months, while Stiggers remained in a Detroit jail, Michigan's Governor William Milliken deliberated. Popular interest in Stiggers' case developed; at a hearing, he said that he was sure he would be killed once he was back inside an Arkansas prison. Though it is rare for a Governor to do so, Milliken finally decided that "extradition would not serve the ends of justice."

Astonishingly, Michigan's refusal to give up Stiggers was received with understanding even in the rebuffed state. Said Arkansas Governor Dale Bumpers, who campaigned as a prison reformer, "By the expiration of my administration, I hope there will never be any cause for a Governor of another state to refuse to extradite a man to Arkansas." As for 21-year-old Lester Stiggers, 1971 is going to be a good year. When he left Detroit's Wayne County jail, he already had plans. "Got a job all set," he said. "Start Monday. Gonna try to go to Wayne State University at night. There's not gonna be any more trouble."



STIGGERS BEFORE BEING FREED
No more trouble.

A Vehement Policy of No Change

WHAT more should Richard Nixon do to speed up the lethargic business recovery and slow inflation? The President chewed over that question with his economic advisers during a weekend at Camp David and with the Cabinet at the start of last week. He came out with a clear answer: nothing.

The answer was not unexpected; more surprising was the vehemence with which Nixon threw away his options. He designated Treasury Secretary John Connally, a nominal Democrat, as "chief economic spokesman," a new title in the Administration. The tall, smooth Texan promptly became Nixon's no man. In the most unyielding language, Connally announced that the President would *not* set up a wage-price review board, would *not* declare wage-price controls, would *not* ask Congress for a stimulative tax cut and would *not* countenance any further increase in federal spending unless it was "directly related to reducing unemployment."

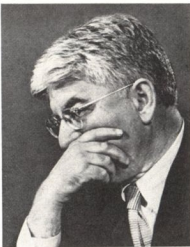
"Myth" on Jobs. Connally reported that Nixon is confident that present budget and Federal Reserve monetary policies will quicken the pace of business and cut unemployment—eventually. In June, the seasonally adjusted unemployment rate dropped from 6.2% to 5.6%. But that was largely a statistical quirk, because more than the usual number of students had not yet left school to start looking for summer work. Actually, the number of unemployed Americans jumped during the month from 4,400,000 to 5,500,000.

The Treasury Secretary, however, went out of his way to indicate that the Administration has given up hope of returning any time soon to full employment, which most economists define as a 4% unemployment rate. He derided as a "myth" the idea that a 4% jobless rate should be considered the norm for the economy, accurately

noting that in the past 25 years the nation has reached that level for a full year only in wartime. This position represented retreat for the Administration, which in 1970 suggested that it was aiming for a 3.8% rate in early 1972.

After a brief period of worrying more about unemployment, the Administration has reverted to considering inflation Economic Danger No. 1. Officially, it continues to insist that inflation is lessening, even though consumer prices in May rose at an annual rate of about 7%. The men at the Camp David conference, however, were scared stiff when they got their first look at new budget estimates. They were calculated on the assumption that the gross national product will reach only \$1,050 billion this year, rather than Nixon's unrealistic January forecast of \$1,065 billion.

FEDERAL RESERVE'S BURNS



The forecast now is that revenues will drop enough below projections to produce deficits of about \$22 billion both for fiscal 1971, just ended, and for fiscal 1972. The 1972 figure is almost double the \$11.6 billion deficit that Nixon predicted in his January budget message. Democratic economists believe that at a time when business is operating with considerable slack, the nation could stand even larger deficits without much risk of accelerating inflation. But many of Nixon's advisers deeply fear that greater deficits would be violently inflationary.

Selling a Non-Program. Democrats and some Republicans (including Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns, who has become increasingly disenchanted with Nixon's drifting economic policy) believe that the inflationary effects of bigger deficits could be contained by stronger presidential pressure against wage and price boosts, notably by declaring guidelines. But Nixon and his economic architect, the soft-spoken and tough-minded budget boss, George Shultz, are ideologically opposed to anything that looks like federal interference in a free market. Shultz prevailed. The President made only one small gesture toward an "incomes policy." He summoned steel management and labor negotiators to the White House this week, but probably only to urge them to avoid a strike rather than press them on settlement terms. The Administration already assumes that the steel settlement will follow the expensive pattern of the can and aluminum contracts, which call for wage-and-benefit raises of 31% or more over three years.

Otherwise, Nixon opted for a policy of no change, declared the decision immediately in order to squelch any pub-

CHIEF SPOKESMAN CONNALLY



An original painting by Richard Milhous Nixon entitled *The Economy*, which, according to the artist, depicts the sun rising over a lush, green valley as sprites play flutes and dance midst dew-kissed golden buttercups.



LEARSON ON HIS YACHT
A healthy discontent with the way things are.

lie dissent within the Administration, and chose Connally, the most forceful speaker on his economic team, to sell the non-program. Connally may have severe political trouble doing so. Some Administration economists fear that without a change in policy, unemployment all through 1972 will stay around 5%—a total that Nixon himself once identified as the “critical point” politically. Even if he belatedly shifts his policy, the President has little time left to influence the economy before the 1972 elections. Considering how long it takes for a policy change to be pushed through Congress and then to have an impact, a new “game plan” would have to be adopted now in order to score points before the election.

If things work out wrong, Nixon will be giving the Democrats a made-to-order issue. They will be able to picture him as a President unwilling to fight inflation by any method other than the ineffective one of accepting continuing high unemployment. Commenting on the President's hold-tight decision, Arthur Okun, former chairman of Lyndon Johnson's Council of Economic Advisers, said: “As an American I am disappointed. As a professional economist I am very disappointed. But as a Democrat I have to be delighted.”

EXECUTIVES

Learson at IBM's Helm

When T. Vincent Learson, then president of IBM, decided in 1966 to enter the Newport-to-Bermuda yacht race, he was given some jocular advice by his boss, Chairman Thomas J. Watson Jr. “You'd better not win if you expect to stay at IBM,” cracked Watson, an annual contender in the race. Vice Learson, a hulking (6 ft. 5 in., 200 lbs.) natural-born competitor, quietly continued his preparations, which included signing on a crew whose record in past races was statistically outstanding. When the sailing classic had ended, Learson's

stock fiber glass ocean racer *Thunderbird* was the winner; Tom Watson's custom-designed *Palawan* finished 24th.

Last week “Tom Jr.,” son of IBM's Jovian figure, told one and all that Learson was a winner in many ways. With Watson's warm endorsement, Learson, 58, was elected chairman of the world's largest computer manufacturer, becoming the first chief executive from outside the “founding family” in IBM's 60-year history. Watson, 57, who had held the job since his father's death in 1956, decided to step aside after suffering a heart attack that kept him away from his desk for three months last winter. Since he and his family hold 1.2 million shares of IBM stock (worth \$383 million), Watson clearly intends to remain active in the company's management.* He became chairman of the board's executive committee and a member of its newly formed finance committee.

Aggressive Ideal. Learson, whose present yacht is named *Nepenthe* (says he: “She's the Greek goddess who induces a pleasurable sensation of forgetfulness”), went to work as a salesman for IBM immediately after graduating from Harvard in 1935. Offered a higher-paying job by competitor Remington Rand, Learson nonetheless chose IBM because its machines were electrical rather than mechanical. He rose to general sales manager at a crucial time. Learson still admits that parts of computer technology are “over my head,” but in the early 1950s he and Tom Jr. strenuously argued, against the elder Watson's opposition, that IBM's punch-card equipment would soon be outdated by electronic computers, an innovation then dominated by Sperry-Rand's Univac. The younger guard won out, and IBM poured vast resources into its own computer designs. After the corporation introduced the 700 series of computers, its tough-selling teams made those machines and their successors the runaway leaders in a mar-

ket that grew from infancy to a \$9 billion industry over the next two decades.

IBM's new boss will need all of his legendary energy to keep the company on a highly profitable course. The business lag has cut so deeply into U.S. computer investment that nearly all of IBM's 9% sales growth in the past two years (to \$7.5 billion in 1970) has come from abroad. Antitrust pressures forced the company a year ago to break up into separate chunks its hardware-plus-services packages. As a result, small companies that offer specialized computer services are trying hard to undercut IBM's prices. To match them, Learson is sure to continue abiding by the senior Watson's famous slogan “Think.” He is also certain to measure IBM's leaders against his own ideal that executives should be men “with a sense of urgency, a demand for excellence and a healthy discontent with the way things are.” It is a more aggressive slogan.

BUSINESS AND SOCIETY

Responsibility Beyond Profit

That business has a responsibility to society beyond the making of profits is by now a commonplace, though still far from universally granted idea. Businessmen have often been confused, however, by the exact nature of their responsibility to improve society and how to carry it out. Last week the Committee for Economic Development, a prestigious group of top executives and academics, tried to cut through the confusion. After long and lively debate, its 50-man research and policy committee adopted a statement that lays down some principles and guidelines for corporate social action. Among them:

- The “constituency” of a large corporation embraces not only its workers and stockholders but also consumers and “community neighbors,” the people who live near its plants and are inevitably affected by its activities. All have claims on the corporation.
- Major companies should adopt specific social goals—for example, in hiring and promoting blacks and reducing pollution—and measure progress toward meeting these objectives as carefully and regularly as they now gauge progress in meeting financial targets.
- Top management should encourage younger executives to contribute time to community projects in such areas as health, education and recreation—not as an “extracurricular” activity but as an “essential ingredient for managers aiming to equip themselves for broader corporate responsibility.”
- Each big firm should set up a team, under a senior executive, that would look for potentially profitable “social market” activities in such fields as rebuilding ghettos and designing efficient transportation systems—and do so as aggressively as the regular marketing staff searches out other new commercial opportunities.
- Government should spur business

* His only son, Thomas III, is a law student.

efforts by a program of contracts, loans and subsidies for social programs—and penalties for socially or environmentally harmful activity. In areas like pollution control, where effective action depends largely on all businesses working toward that goal, corporate executives have a moral responsibility to propose and lobby for tough federal standards that all must meet.

Cultivate the Garden. The statement drew objections from some CED members who still feel that business can serve society best by conducting its own operations effectively. In a biting dissent, Philip Sporn, former president of American Electric Power Co., argued that before business gets any heady notions of saving society it must first improve its own performance. The railroad industry, he said, would serve society best by designing the "modern system of transportation" that so far it "has not even approached"; the New York Telephone Co. should improve its present "third rate" service; and the utilities' main obligation, which they have not met, is to provide "an adequate power supply, reliable and not subject to sudden cataclysmic failures." He concluded: "Let us cultivate our garden."

Sporn undoubtedly has a point. Many businesses need to do a much better job of fulfilling their basic economic functions. That, however, does not excuse them from pursuing broader social goals. The CED report is woefully bare of specifics as to just what corporations can do to improve education, medical care and housing, but it does effectively make the point that business can thrive only in a healthy society.

COLOMBIA

Emeralds and Bullets

Diamonds may still be a girl's best friend, but women are also developing an insatiable fondness for emeralds. Demand for the soft, veined, green jewels has risen so appreciably that prices have more than doubled in the past five years; the finest quality stones now fetch as much as \$3,000 per carat wholesale, on a par with diamonds. What buyers do not know is that they are almost certainly, if unwittingly, contributing to the prosperity of one of the world's most lucrative—and bloodiest—illegal businesses. Some 90% of all emeralds come from Colombia, where mining and sale of the gems are supposedly a government monopoly. In fact, reports *TIME* Correspondent David Lee, the business has been monopolized by outlaws called *esmeralderos* (emerald buccaners), who pocketed about 90% of the \$50 million that the world paid last year for Colombian gems.

Discovered by Pigs. The outlaw monopoly starts right at the mines, in the jagged Andes 60 miles northeast of Bogotá. Many jewels are stolen by miners in the government's Muzo, Peñas Blancas and Coscuez mines. The thieves pocket most of the emeralds that they



MINERS DIGGING AT MUZO

Settling disputes by Smith & Wesson's Rules of Order.

dig out of the soil, paying off the inspectors who are supposed to guard the pits. Other stones are illegally mined to begin with. A miner with a few pesos to invest in dynamite and tools assembles a squad of men and goes off to dig. It is not a difficult job: the standard mining method is simply to dynamite the ground with a small charge, then rake emeralds out of the soil with crowbars. The stones lie so close to the surface that one rich mine was discovered in 1955 by pigs that turned up emeralds while rooting through a field.

The gems are brought out to civilization by about ten criminal families of ten or so members each. Unlike the Mafia variety, these are genuine families: brothers, uncles, cousins. Periodically, they journey into the mountains to buy up the miners' take.

The trading center is the town of Peñas Blancas, a huddle of 50 rickety buildings. There a mining-squad leader spreads out his haul before a family boss who may carry a million pesos (about \$50,000) in a shoulder-strap bag. The emeralds are hauled back to Bogotá, where many are sold to foreign dealers in back rooms of the dim bars and cafés that line 14th Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. Jewels are smuggled out of the country by two international combines that finance the families' buying trips. Some emeralds leave in the pockets of couriers who take commercial jets. Big shipments go out by light plane from one of Colombia's 800 private airstrips.

The illegal traffic handsomely rewards participants at all levels. One miner who began a small illegal operation ten years ago now owns two ranches with

3,000 head of cattle, plus ten houses and other real estate in downtown Bogotá. The *esmeralderos*, however, run a major risk—not of being apprehended by the government, but of being gunned down by one another. Any dispute between a squad chief and his miners over the division of the take is settled by what Colombians call "Smith & Wesson's Rules of Order" (a Smith & Wesson .38-cal. revolver is the *esmeraldero's* favorite weapon). The buying families regularly bushwhack one another's caravans, and the victimized family then exacts blood vengeance; one feud between the Gonzáles and Avila families has taken 13 lives since last September. The total number of murders in the emerald trade is unknown, since many bodies simply disappear down mountain gorges, but a minimum estimate is 200 a year.

Seeded by God. Officials of Econominas, the state mining agency, talk vaguely of legalizing private mining operations by contracting with them to dig emeralds, and of sending their own agents into the mountains to buy emeralds for a central exchange to be set up in Bogotá. It seems unlikely that such measures would stop the smuggling. Foreign buyers show little concern for the origin of their emeralds. The *esmeralderos* are confident that they can buy off or kill anyone who tries to interfere. Nor do they show any moral qualms about their operation. Says one: "The Muzo Indians had already found the gems when the Spaniards arrived. Thus we don't accept that they belong to the government. We believe that they were seeded by God for the benefit of all Colombians."

EXPORTS

New Muscle in Arms

When the Alliance for Progress was started in 1961, the Kennedy Administration decided that one way to help Latin America economically would be to sell it fewer costly weapons. As Lyndon Johnson later said, to sell supersonic jets to Brazilian and Argentinian generals would be to "take clothes off the backs and food from the stomachs and education away from the minds of [Latin American] children."

Almost unnoticed, the Nixon Administration has reversed that policy. In a move recently announced, the President waived the U.S.'s self-imposed \$75 million-a-year limit on arms sales to Latin America and asked Congress to raise it to \$150 million.

Still, the turnabout was not total. Sales of costly and particularly sophisticated items like McDonnell-Douglas' \$4,000,000 Phantom jet are still embargoed. In addition, Congress may be reluctant to approve the sale of eight Lockheed antisubmarine planes to Brazil because they might be used to apprehend U.S. fishing vessels inside the 200-mile territorial limit just proclaimed by the Brazilian government. But Administration staffers have made clear that were it not for fear of an explosive reaction in Congress, the arms lid would be off altogether. Meanwhile Latin American countries can buy most basic U.S. military equipment, including trucks, radio gear and small arms.

High Prices, Low Scruples. Partly because Lockheed and other salesmen showed up in Brazil and other countries as soon as the U.S. decision was made, the policy reversal looked like a phase of Nixon's campaign to bail out the beleaguered U.S. aerospace industry.

The industry has been hit by layoffs, slumping orders and a threatened collapse of Lockheed unless Congress approves federal loan guarantees, as the Administration has requested. Some Latin Americans, however, saw Washington's move as a typical capitalist plot. The U.S., charged Chile's Marxist President Salvador Allende, was out to "unleash an arms race" in Latin America. That did not, of course, keep Allende from accepting \$5 million worth of U.S. State Department military-assistance credit last week for Chile's own armed forces. The money will be used to buy a Lockheed C-130 transport aircraft and paratroop gear.

French Courtiers. In fact, as Allende should have added, the arms race never stopped. While the U.S. continued to supply workaday items like Ford and General Motors trucks, hard-selling Europeans were buzzing around the continent with irresistible offers of high-priced hardware with low, low credit rates and scruples to match. A confidential Commerce Department study completed this spring showed that the U.S. had "lost" more than \$1 billion in arms sales to Latin America over the past decade—to the detriment of the long-suffering U.S. balance of payments. The Nixon Administration is also worried about losing influence with Latin America's military-dominated regimes. White House officials are particularly concerned about the political clout that some European countries, notably France, have gained in Latin America through arms sales.

Arms manufacturers from Britain, Italy, West Germany and Sweden have all found friends and profits in Latin America. Even The Netherlands has picked up a piece of the action; it sold Argentina a reconditioned aircraft car-

rier for \$3,000,000. Nobody, however, has come on with anything like the zeal of the French, who trebled their arms exports last year.

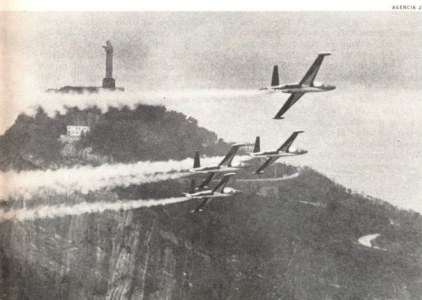
With worldwide sales of \$1.3 billion in 1970, France surpassed Britain (\$480 million) as a Western exporter of military hardware and now stands second to the U.S. (\$2 billion). Arms and other military goods account for 8% of France's total exports, and a good share of its balance of payments surplus. In Latin America, ubiquitous French military attachés court Latin generals with all-expense junkets to the Paris Air Show and Latin treasurers with temptingly low interest rates (when available, U.S. Government loans carry a minimum 5½% rate). Arms sales agreements have been made or are being negotiated between France and Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, Guatemala, Panama, Peru and Venezuela.

By far the hottest item in the French arms catalogue is Dassault's 1,500-m.p.h. Mirage fighter. Last year alone, Dassault took orders for 18 of the \$3,000,000 planes from Colombia, 16 from Brazil, five from Peru and the first twelve of a total order of about 90 from Argentina. Total price: \$627 million. Orders like that have made the company's chief, Marcel Dassault, the richest man in France. Dassault, 79, who has been designing planes and parts since he put together propellers for World War I aircraft, is worth perhaps \$1 billion.

After the Mirage. There is an almost ludicrous, keeping-up-with-the-Gómezes aspect to the competition for even faster and deadlier weapons. Partly because Argentina bought a French tank production line from Direction Technique des Armements Terrestres that is building 15-ton AMX-13s, Brazil bought an entire Macchi aircraft assembly line from Italy and will begin producing its own trainer and tactical attack aircraft in October. The planes can be used to repel tanks. Because Chile has bought nine new Hawker Hunter jets from Britain, neighboring Argentina is looking for a British Marconi radar air-defense system—and so is Brazil, which gets along with neither country.

Apologists for such thinking like to point out that the region as a whole spends just under 2% of its G.N.P. on things military—less than any other area of the world. Considering the severe social shortcomings of most Latin American countries, however, even that is too much. Brazil, whose real enemies are poverty and ignorance, devotes 12% of its federal budget to the military and only 7% to education. Since 1967, Brazil has paid out nearly \$500 million for, among other things, a squadron of 16 Mirages (for \$70 million), 112 Italian Macchi jet trainers (another \$70 million), six British Vespene-Thornycroft frigates (\$240 million) and two Vickers submarines (\$40 million).

The arms race could lead not only



FRENCH-MADE FOUGA MAGISTER JETS OVER RIO
Keeping up with the Gómezes.

to distorted social priorities but also possibly to a shooting war. Only a few weeks ago, a World War II-vintage Venezuelan North American B-25 bomber fired on a pair of U.S. Bell Huey helicopters that were mapping the Guajira frontier between Colombia and Venezuela, where oil exploration is under way. In part because Caracas fears that Bogotá might bring its shiny new French-made Mirages into the argument, the Venezuelans have increased their oil taxes—to the great displeasure of the U.S. oil companies there—and announced plans to spend \$35.5 million of the extra money on a jet squadron. That will make Venezuela the sixth and—considering the cost—possibly the last Latin American country to acquire supersonic jets. And then? Nowadays, as one foreign military attaché in Rio points out, everyone in Europe is pushing missiles.



FOUR COMMEMORATIVES

CORPORATIONS Non-Coin of the Realm

Like almost every other operation of its kind, the Franklin Mint near Media, Pa., is surrounded by a high metal fence, patrolled by armed guards and constantly scanned by closed-circuit TV. Refuse is carefully placed in bins marked CLASSIFIED WASTE. But unlike most such fortresses, Franklin produces no money except for some coins for several small nations. It is the world's largest private mint, and it concentrates on turning out commemorative medals. The security precautions are not as outrageous as they might seem. In the past few years Franklin Mint has surpassed that nonstop disgorging of postage stamps, the principality of Liechtenstein, as the world's most profitable manufacturer of things created solely to be collected.

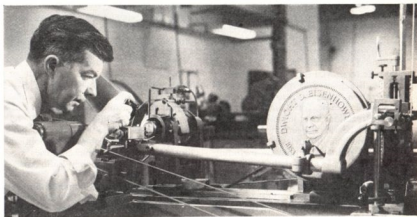
Last year Franklin Mint literally coined \$45.8 million in commemorative medals, which "honor" everyone from U.S. Presidents to the Hollywood stars. First-quarter sales for 1971 rose to \$11.9 million, nearly double those of a year ago. The medals are sold in series of

up to 200 to subscribers, who pay about \$3.25 each for bronze copies, \$10.50 for silver and as much as \$1,000 for platinum. The intrinsic value of the silver, for example, is slightly less than a quarter of the sales price. Altogether, some 300,000 persons have signed up for one or another of Franklin's collections, which are struck in high-proof quality and limited in number to the list of those who subscribe—and pay—in advance. After that number is made, the die is destroyed, creating what the mint's founder, former Adman Joseph M. Segel, calls "instant rarity."

Winner's Likeness. The 40-year-old Segel, who has never collected coins, got the idea for producing medals from a news photo of crowds lined up at the U.S. Mint in Washington in 1964 to buy the last bags of silver dollars sold at par value. Then part owner of a firm that promoted calendars, cigarette lighters

historical foundation and set up the Franklin Mint Collector Society as his primary sales outlet.

Besides dreaming up seemingly endless new series for his membership,* Segel publishes a monthly magazine providing background about the memorabilia and produces medals for groups that use them as a fund-raising device. The White House Historical Association, for example, has offered members a series depicting U.S. First Ladies, and the U.S. Olympic Committee sold one celebrating sports events including the 1972 Olympics in Munich. Franklin's founder is still slightly mystified at the collector instinct that his operation has uncapped. Says he: "Some retired people wait for the new medal each month and call the neighbors in to see it. Some businessmen get an issue and put it away without a second glance. Many people collect because it makes



ENGRAVING EISENHOWER MEDAL AT FRANKLIN

Making a mint on instant rarity.

and other giveaway items imprinted with corporate trademarks. Segel saw in the picture "an interesting marketing opportunity" for a kind of non-coin of the realm. Advertising in collectors' magazines, he initially signed up 5,252 people to join the National Commemorative Society, a profit-seeking corporation that invited members to vote on memorial candidates from a list of nominees and then buy the winner's likeness in metal. Subject of the first medal: General Douglas MacArthur.

When production problems developed in striking early medals, Segel hired away from the U.S. Mint no less an expert than its chief engraver, Gilroy Roberts, who helped set up the Franklin Mint and became its chairman. Construction was financed in 1965 by offering 400,000 shares of stock to members of the Commemorative Society and coin collectors at \$6.075 a share. Anyone who then invested \$607.50 in 100 shares, which have since been split six times, today owns stock worth \$24,600. Segel and his wife have more than \$9,000,000 of it. In 1969 Segel sold the Commemorative Society to a

them feel like an expert in something."

Not necessarily in investing, however. Many coin dealers refuse to handle the relatively small number of Franklin medals that come on the market, claiming that they are unworthy of numismatic attention. Segel cheerfully replies that some of his issues have already attained above-par value and dismisses the dealers' grumping as plain envy. Sales of Franklin medals, he says, are already larger than the entire collectors' market for U.S. coins. He can also point to a growing number of other medal merchandisers that have entered the field, including Chicago's Lincoln Mint, New York's Medallist Art Co. and International Mint in Attleboro, Mass. It is still too early to tell whether such growth will eventually become new proof of the old adage that collecting can be profitable as well as fun. But the millions of stored-away medals are certainly proof that artificial scarcity can add value to collected items.

* Current series: "Genius of Michelangelo," "The Shakespeare Medals," "Great Historic Sites of America," "States of the Union."

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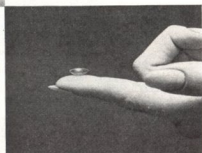


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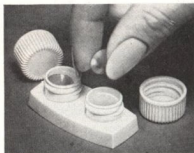
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MILESTONES

Married. Mama Cass Elliott, 27, brooding nagian belter of pop-rock tunes; and Donald von Wiedenman, 27, writer-actor and heir to a Bavarian barony; she for the second time, he for the first; in West Hollywood.

Divorced. Vic Damone, 43, Brooklyn-born supper-club crooner; and Judy Rawlins, 35, onetime television actress; after seven years of marriage, three children (he has a fourth child by Screen Star Pier Angeli); in Hollywood. Though he revealed in court that he is nearly broke and is considering bankruptcy, Damone agreed to support payments of \$2,100 per month.

Died. Lieut. Colonel Georgy Dobrovolsky, 43, Vladislav Volkov, 35, and Viktor Patsayev, 38, crew of the Soyuz 11 Soviet spacecraft (see SCIENCE).

Died. Franz Stangl, 63, Austrian-born commandant of the Nazi death factories at Sobibor and Treblinka in Poland; of a heart attack; in his prison cell in Düsseldorf, Germany. During 1942 and 1943, when he ran Treblinka, Stangl supervised the slaughter of over 400,000 people. Wearing a spotless white SS jacket and sporting a long riding crop, he often arranged for brass bands to entertain his captives as they were herded into Treblinka's infamous gas "showers." Captured by American troops and turned over to Austrian authorities, Stangl escaped in 1947 and fled to Brazil, where he worked as a mechanic in a Volkswagen plant before he was tracked down in 1967. At that time, Nazi-hunter Simon Wiesenthal branded him "the second Eichmann."

Died. Lord Constantine, 69, onetime West Indian cricket star and the first black man to sit in Britain's House of Lords; of a heart attack; in London. The son of a sugar-plantation foreman, Learie Constantine led the renowned West Indian cricket team to victory over the English in 1928, later left the playing field for a public service career. Knighted and made Trinidad and Tobago's High Commissioner in London in 1962, he was raised to the peerage two years ago.

Died. Dr. R. Walter Johnson, 72, the Negro physician whose hobby was molding promising black youngsters into tennis greats; in Lynchburg, Va. Credited with cracking the color line on public courts and in tournaments, Johnson took a teen-ager from Harlem named Althea Gibson under his wing in 1947 and prepared her for two Wimbledon and two Forest Hills titles. Six years later he befriended a frail ten-year-old named Arthur Ashe Jr. "What made me maddest," Johnson once commented, "was this idea that colored athletes . . . couldn't learn stamina or finesse."

BOOKS

Poetry Today: Low Profile, Flatted Voice

FOR more than a decade a gradual upheaval has been occurring in the world of poetry. Today, with more verse being published and read than ever before, those shifts in tone and style and direction, for good or ill, stand pervasively confirmed.

Many of the old leaders, modern masters who held sway over the youthful poetic imagination for years, have now been dismissed or at least promoted to emeritus status by a generation that has little patience with the cerebral and the courtly. Scores of collegiate poets and critics questioned by TIME correspondents on campuses across the U.S. found T.S. Eliot "irrelevant," Robert Frost "too provincial," Dylan Thomas a "phony Welshman," W.H. Auden "a poet for the middle-aged." These men still have admirers, but they lack followers. If among the enshrined elders the seating order has been changed—as in the latest photograph of the Soviet Presidium—William Carlos Williams is

kind of folk festival. Their roots go back to the late '50s, when shaggy beatniks bellowed into the smoke-filled darkness along San Francisco's North Beach. Their once and probably future guru is Allen Ginsberg, now 45, and his *Howl* ("I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness") is still the best of the genre. Ginsberg made the poet into a folk figure again, and it was Ginsberg, too, who led the trek into Indian sutra land. Such preoccupations have taken more of his time lately than his writing, leaving Gregory Corso as his archdisciple. At 41, Corso has a tone a trifle less shrill, decorated with more literary allusions, perhaps more varied rhythmically than Ginsberg's. It is still a prosody deriving directly from Walt Whitman, full of "I saw," "I swear," "I weep," "I curse," "I look" and studded with sudden "O's" and exclamation marks.

Are not the army centers in Europe ghettos?

They are, and O how sad how lost! The PX newstands are filled with comic books

The army movies are always Doris Day What makes a people huddle so? Why can't they be universal? Who has smalled them so? This is serious! I do not mock or hate this

I can only sense some mad vast conspiracy!

In this same school can be found considerable work by Robert Bly, 44, a Harvardman, pacifist and founder of a poetry periodical devoted to new verse and progressively called *The Fifties*, *The Sixties*, *The Seventies*. Bly's *The Teeth-Mother Naked At Last* is a long, savage, sometimes murky lament against the horrors of the Viet Nam War.

Why are they dying . . .

They are dying because the President has opened a Bible again . . .

The Marines think that unless they die the rivers will not move . . .

But if one of those children came near that we have set on fire,

came toward you like a gray barn,

walking,

you would howl like a wind tunnel in a hurricane,

you would tear at your shirt with blue hands

It is hard to quarrel with such compassion. The trouble with the Roarers is that their sentiments too frequently lapse into mere bombast. Bad verse in a good cause is still bad verse.

THE CONFESSIONAL SUFFERERS have their enshrined god in Lowell. "Eliot talked about a world breaking apart at the seams from a stance reflecting personal control," explains Harvard pro-



CORSO



BLY

fessor Roger Rosenblatt. "What people today like most about Lowell is that he seems to be coming apart at the seams himself." But they also have a Virgin Mary—Sylvia Plath, a gifted American girl who wrote despairing verse until, aged 30, she put her head into a gas oven and died. Her poetry, taut with passion, has been aptly described as "the longest suicide note ever written."

It is never touched by self-pity, however, something that cannot be said about the verses turned out by scores of young poets who write in the confessional mode. Suffering, after all, is universal, and confessing it carries a certain social prestige. Precisely because it is so tempting, few poetical practitioners rise above the general rule. One who does is Anne Sexton, 42, who has carried readers with her in and out of mental hospitals, through marriage to a Boston executive, two children and sundry passions. In her most recent volume, she writes in "For My Lover, Returning to His Wife":

She is so naked and singular.

She is the sum of yourself and your dream.

Climb her like a monument, step after step.

She is solid.

As for me, I am a watercolor. I wash off.

Denise Levertov ranges more widely and experiments more ingeniously with poetic form. She was born 47 years ago in England, the child of a Welsh mother and a Jewish intellectual who had become an Anglican priest. She lived through London's bombing raids and moved to the U.S. in 1948. Her commitment to matters political in part reflects the concerns of her husband, Writer Mitchell Goodman, who last year, along with Dr. William Spock, was

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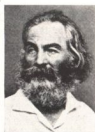
LOWELL



LEVERTOV



WILLIAMS



WHITMAN

the new chief because he dealt with commonplace objects by using common speech, and he never rhymed anything.

Depending on the individual temperament, other gurus are Walt Whitman, and Ezra Pound (of the *Cantos*). A special niche is reserved for Robert Lowell. A genuine poet who happens to be a suffering man, he has inadvertently acquired followers who think suffering is the main thing and meticulously record their own under the impression that it is necessarily poetry.

On the whole, college-age poets have apprenticed themselves to a somewhat younger, far less celebrated set of leaders. There is no dominant star among them. Their work, naturally, is varied and individual, but some classifications can be attempted. They may be rudely divided into five groups: the Polemical Roarers, the Confessional Sufferers, the Tiny Imagists, the Compulsive Reporters and the Cult Poets.

THE POLEMICAL ROARERS are the most visible and vocal. Today they form part of the leading edge of youthful dissent and are largely responsible for the present popularity of poetry readings as a

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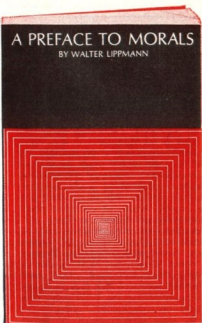
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MEMENTO MORI

by Muriel Spark

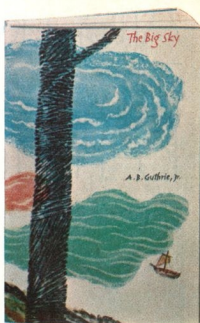
The theme of *Memento Mori* (the Latin words mean "remember that thou must die") is old age. It's a witty, unsparingly observant and astonishingly perceptive book about people in their seventies and eighties. *Memento Mori* has been described as "flawless," "malevolent," "macabre" and "funny and stirring." Muriel Spark is also the author of *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, and her work has been admired by Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene and other distinguished novelists. She is a startling and highly original writer.



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called "Song of the Taste," and begins:

*Eating the living germs of grasses
Eating the ova of large birds
the fleshy sweetness packed
around the sperm of swaying trees
Eating each other's seed
eating
ah, each other.*

All this is taken very solemnly. "Snyder and his school" explains Stanford's Donald Davy, "are relating man to nature, supplementing or correcting white Anglo-Saxon Protestant thought patterns with concepts derived from the American Indian, the Hindu and the Japanese."

Nearest counterpart to Snyder is Mark Strand, 37, born in Prince Edward Island, Canada. He studied at Antioch and Yale, and has since become a peripatetic poet in residence at U.S. universities from Seattle to (this year) Brooklyn. Strand is a figure of striking presence and panache, and if he occasionally suffers from the tiny-imagery syndrome, at his best he can be a harder-edged poet than Snyder:

*I have come this far on my own legs,
missing the bus, missing taxis,
climbing always. One foot in front of
the other,
that is the way I do it.*

*It does not bother me, the way the hill
goes on . . .
The longer I walk, the farther I am
from everything.*

The cultist with the most fanatic following is big, disarming Richard Brautigan, who affects slouch hats and granny glasses, seems to spend much of his time in trout streams. He can be gently ironic and ironically tender, but is always quite capable of imposing on his abjectly devoted followers such a minimum of the minimalist poem as "April 7, 1969," herewith printed in full:

*I feel so bad today
that I want to write a poem.
I don't care: any poem, this
poem.*

THE SPECIALS. As always, the best poets tend not to fit into categories. Out of this middle generation, two poets in particular stand out as individual talents. One is W.S. (for William Stanley) Merwin, 44, who flutters female hearts on any campus he chooses to

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visit. Son of a New York clergyman and a graduate of Princeton University where he majored in medieval literature, Merwin made his way to Europe in 1948, accepted an invitation to tutor the children of the Duke of Braganza in Portugal, then apprenticed himself to Robert Graves in Majorca. Merwin's poetic specialty is the transmutation of modern dilemmas into the no-man's-land myth, a landscape of the imagination that is universal and particular at the same time. Behind his prosody, an attentive ear can detect something of the frightening magic of Yeats' birds crying in the desert, the dry exhaustion of Eliot's Gerontion. Merwin's *Words from a Totem Animal*, for instance, launches a long journey of the spirit:

*Distance
is where we were
but empty of us and ahead of
me lying out in the rushes thinking
even the nights cannot come back to
their hill any time . . .*

*When I stop I am alone
at night sometimes it is almost good
as though I were almost there
sometimes then I see there is
in a bush beside me the same question
why are you
on this way
I said I will ask the stars
why are you falling and they answered
which of us . . .*

*Send me out into another life
lord because this one is growing faint
I do not think it goes all the way.*

Merwin's seventh volume of poetry, *The Carriers of Ladders*, had just won the Pulitzer Prize. No such honor has yet descended on A. (for Archie) R. Ammons, 45, a shy professor, unknown to the lecture circuit, who teaches at Cornell and has only recently achieved any major critical attention. Where Merwin's landscape is general, Ammons' is scrupulously specific. But he has a pawky voice very much his own:

*I live in a bodiless loft,
no joists, beams,
or walls:*

*I huddle high,
arch my back against the stiff
fact of coming down:*

*My house admits to being
only above the level of most
perception:*

*I shudder and make do:
I don't look down.*

Despite such men, the impression remains that although poetic output is enormous, poetic quality today is generally in a depressed state. The prevalence of acclaimed poets—and of poetry readings—is deceptive. For the large number of established poets form a closed mutual-admiration society whose members double as critics, reviewing one another's books and seldom saying

The one aspect of college life that seems to remain constant is that each new group of students feels it can do a better job of helping society meet its present and future needs. We think this holds as true today as it ever did.

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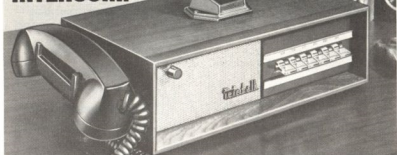


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MERWIN



AMMONS

an unkind word in public. The problem of who should be celebrated, of course, is not created by the indulgent poet-critics alone. As Robert Lowell justly remarked not so long ago: "Our culture is so heroically receptive, so willing to imagine that every straw in the haystack is a needle, that the real needle cannot be discovered."

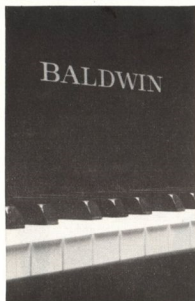
At a time when many people are producing reams of declared verse, its fanciers all too often react like ornithologists examining a duck. The thing walks like a duck, its primaries are all in place, and its admirers—makers of ducks in their turn—discourse appreciatively on the exquisite joinery of wing and socket, the ingenious solution to the problem of melding emphatic beak with awkward neck. What nobody seems to notice—or if they do, are too polite to remark—is that the goddam bird does not fly.

In current poetry very little flies. The non-flying is, in fact, intentional. "Since around 1960, poets have worked for a deliberate flattening of style," admits Professor Kevin Starr, who teaches the "big" American poetry course at Harvard. Adds Yale Poet-Professor Maynard Mack: "Advertising and politics have corrupted the language so that students shy away from any pure verbal experience." from anything "compact, finished, polished."

The complaint against the corruption of language is just, but the poetic cure now practiced can be deadly. Among the college poets recently interviewed few could recite a line, any line from their favorite poets. "What sticks, in your mind," they explain, "is an emotional stance, a landscape of emotion." Perhaps so. Yet A.E. Housman's simple, frivolous test for real poetry seems more attractive: if he thought of a line while shaving, Housman said, "my skin bristles so that the razor ceases to act."

Less frivolously, Gerard Manley Hopkins referred to "the roll, the rise, the carol, the creation." What matters in the long run are those few poems that imprint themselves on the world's memory—and change man's thinking and the sound of the language in his ear. Even granting that there are few such poems in any age, and fewer poets capable of producing them, today's intentionally unmemorable, flatted verse seems an unnecessary and misguided burden upon the ear and the imagination.

■ A.T. Baker



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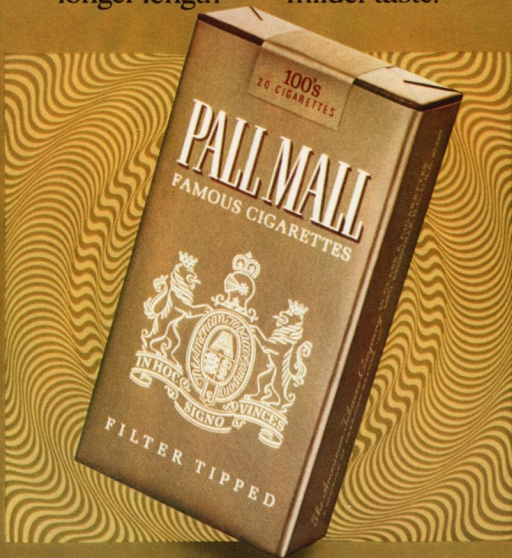
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